

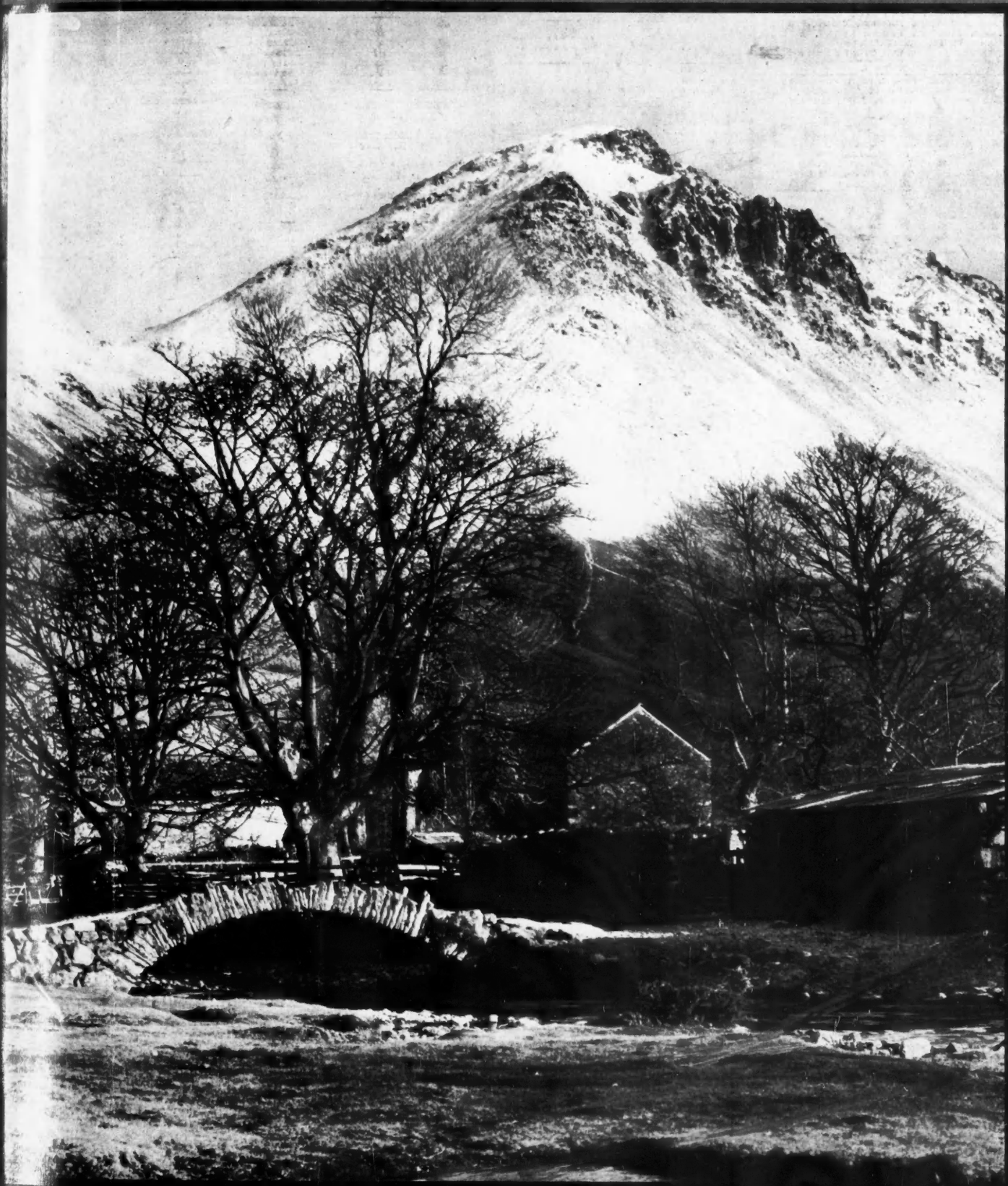
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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCV. No. 2451.

JANUARY 7, 1944

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HERTS

A CHARMING PROPERTY

CENTURIES OLD BUT WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Entrance hall, lounge (21 ft. by 19 ft.), cloakroom and w.c., dining room, morning room, oak-panelled drawing room, domestic offices including servants' hall and pantry, beautiful old oak carved staircase, 6 principal bedrooms, the largest 20 ft. by 17 ft. fitted with lavatory basins, 3 or 4 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Constant hot water. Electric light. Main water.



Garage and suitable Outbuildings and 2 Cottages.

PRETTY OLD-FASHIONED PLEASURE AND KITCHEN GARDENS (3 Acres)

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

PRICE £5,500

Particulars from: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.

BERKS

6 miles from a town and railway station with express services to London. A mile from a village.

ACCOMMODIOUS AND ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE, PART OF WHICH DATES FROM THE XVIIth CENTURY, WITH LATE ADDITIONS. The aspect is South and the Residence contains: 2 halls, 4 reception rooms (the largest measuring 36 ft. by 30 ft.), cloakroom and lavatory, excellent domestic offices, including servants' hall and man's bedroom, 14 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. The House is well fitted, including central heating in most of the rooms. Range of outbuildings, including stable, garage and 4 cottages. THE GROUNDS ARE AN EXCEPTIONAL FEATURE AND ARE WELL TIMBERED. Walled kitchen garden, second kitchen garden and greenhouses, Lake. Small park. IN ALL ABOUT 21 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. WITH POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR (the House is at present requisitioned).

Full particulars of the Owner's Agents: Messrs. WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. Tel.: Grosvenor 3121.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

450 FEET UP ON A SOUTHERLY SLOPE OF THE COTSWOLDS

Extensive and beautiful views. 2 miles from Main Line Station and important Town. Excellent 'bus service.



An attractive Residence of brick and Cotswold stone with slate roof, in a sunny position. Hall, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, principal with lavatory basins (h.c.), 4 bathrooms. Domestic offices with maids' sitting-room. Central heating. All main services. Telephone. 2 double garages. Stabling of 6 loose boxes. Man's rooms. GROUNDS of about 4 1/4 ACRES with 2 tennis lawns, orchard, excellent kitchen garden, greenhouses, etc.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,730)



SURREY. BOX HILL 3 MILES

About 1 mile from Station with Electric Service to Town in about 40 minutes.

AN ARCHITECT-DESIGNED CHARACTER HOUSE beautifully appointed and enjoying magnificent views, built of mellowed brick with half-timbering and tiled roof. The labour-saving accommodation comprises: Lounge hall, cloakroom, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Domestic offices, with maids' sitting-room.

Central heating throughout. All main services.

Double garage with room over. Stable.

ARTISTIC GARDEN with ornamental pool, lawns, orchard, kitchen garden, etc.,

About 1 ACRE. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,658)

NORTH DORSET

In a charming and secluded situation about 2 miles from a Market Town and Station.

A RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF ABOUT 50 ACRES with a well-appointed house of pleasing elevation, built of Devonshire stone and brick with tiled roof, and standing about 350 ft. up with South and East aspects. It is approached through finely timbered parkland by a drive.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms (principal with fitted basins), 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Co.'s electric light and water.

Stabling for 9, garage for 2 cars. 2 cottages and man's rooms.

Grounds include flower, rose and rock gardens, 2 tennis lawns, herbaceous borders, walled fruit and kitchen garden, greenhouses, small plantation and pasture land.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. With Vacant Possession after the war.

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (38,468)

IN A VILLAGE ON BEDS AND HERTS BORDERS

34 miles north of London. Main Line Stations 1/2 and 3 1/2 miles. London 45 minutes.

Occupying a secluded position about 350 ft. above sea level on sand and gravel soil, facing south with good views, the **GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**, which is built of brick with slate and lead roof, stands about 100 yards back from the road, is approached by a drive and comprises: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms

Companies' electric light, power, gas and water. Telephone installed.

Part central heating.

Main drainage.



Stabling and garage accommodation. Cottage of 5 rooms.

THE GROUNDS include grass tennis court, lawns, excellent kitchen garden, orchard, paddocks and copses.

About 4 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,250

Golf and hunting. Vacant possession of house and grounds on completion.

Sole London Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (10,314)

Telegrams: Galleries, Wesdo, London

Mayfair 3771 (10 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Regent 0293/3377
Reading 4441

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1; 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Telegrams:

"Nichenyer, Piccy, London"

"Nicholas, Reading"

HAMPSHIRE. NEAR WINCHESTER.

**FOR SALE. WITH OCCUPATION AFTER WAR
GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**



Entirely modernised. Standing in small well-timbered Park, facing South.

11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 large reception rooms, excellent offices. Main electric light and power. New central heating. Main water.

2 garages. Stabling.

2 cottages. Old-world gardens.

23 ACRES

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

HAMPSHIRE

With grounds to river with yacht anchorage.

FOR SALE. MODERN HOUSE IN ELIZABETHAN STYLE

5 bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main services. Garage.

PRETTY GROUNDS AND WOODLAND, PIER, BOATHOUSE.

2 1/2 ACRES

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

FOR OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT

ESSEX COAST

48 miles from London

FREEHOLD AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1,750 ACRES, including the principal residence, with main services and central heating, garage, and stabling, man's quarters, lodge entrance, 2 smaller houses, 3 farms, buildings, 14 cottages, small holdings, and some of the finest marsh grazings and wild-fowl shooting in the county, let and producing about £1,000 per annum, excluding the main residence and sporting in hand. Offers invited for the freehold, or the residence and 40 acres would be sold separately.

Owner's Agents: NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1. (REGENT 0293 and 3377).

OXFORD
4637/8.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD & CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING
NORTON
39

LONDON 50 MILES

CHARMING MODERNISED QUEEN ANNE STYLE MANOR HOUSE

Situated within a few minutes' walk of a particularly lovely reach of the River Thames. THE RESIDENCE, ORIGINALLY A FARMHOUSE, is built of mellowed brick, with tiled roof, and occupies a quiet position in a cul-de-sac on the outskirts of an unspoiled and peaceful Berkshire village.

Lounge hall, 3 sitting-rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Annexe of galleried hall, minstrels' gallery and billiard room. Main electric light; excellent water supply; central heating; telephone. Stabling and garages.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, SWIMMING POOL, ORCHARD, TERRACED ROCK GARDEN, Etc.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, of Oxford.

OXFORD CITY 5 MILES

UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORDSHIRE

The HISTORIC STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE presents a most gracious and pleasing appearance, standing some 350 ft. up, facing south, enjoying fine views of the Berkshire Downs and the Chiltern Hills.

Lounge hall, 3-4 sitting-rooms, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Main electric light, gas, main water supply; central heating; telephone.

Extensive outbuildings including stabling and garage and picturesque old Tudor dovecote.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD TERRACED GARDENS, TOGETHER WITH KITCHEN GARDEN, COPSE, ORCHARD, PADDOCK, AND LARGE SWIMMING POOL, IN ALL ABOUT 7 ACRES. FIVE COTTAGES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Inspected and sincerely recommended by the Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, of Oxford.

SOMERSET

Bridgewater 5 miles.

TRADITIONAL SOMERSET FARMHOUSE, BUILT OF CREAM-WASHED BRICK AND STONE WITH TILED ROOF. 3 sitting-rooms, 1 single and 3 double bedrooms, bathroom, space for conversion to fifth bedroom. Good water supply. Electric light. Walled fruit garden, orchard, and 2 paddocks, in all about 2 1/2 ACRES.

First-class stabling and garage.

PRICE FREEHOLD £2,750. POSSESSION MARCH 25, 1944

Apply: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1
Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Solantet, Picoy, London."



SUSSEX

Glorious position 400 feet up overlooking the Downs and Sea.



2 good reception rooms,
5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All main services and
Telephone.

Central heating throughout.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

GARDEN OF ABOUT

$\frac{3}{4}$ ACRE

This house is exceptionally
well equipped throughout,
and has many built-in
cupboards.

PRICE £4,600 FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION, MAY 1944

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.)

(C.49,533)

KENT

In delightful surroundings. 8 miles from Tunbridge Wells. 2 miles main line station.

A CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE

(Part XVIth Century)

In lovely sylvan setting. Southern aspect.



4 reception rooms, billiards
room, winter garden, 2
staircases, 12 bedrooms, 3
bathrooms, servants' hall,
good cellarage.

Company's water.

Electric light.

Central heating.

Garages. Stabling.

2 picturesque cottages.

Small stream.

Moat of nearly one acre
stocked with fish.

EXCEPTIONALLY

WELL-TIMBERED

GROUND.

WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, NUTTERY, PASTURE AND WOODLANDS,
IN ALL OVER 43 ACRES. **PRICE £8,500 FREEHOLD**

Particulars from:
HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (K.48,501)

SURREY—Between DORKING & REIGATE

2½ miles from station.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE OF ABOUT 150 ACRES

comprising

IMPOSING RESIDENCE

containing lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 11 principal bed and dressing rooms (fitted
washbasins), 8 bathrooms, staff bedrooms. Companies' electric light and water.
Central heating. Stabling. Garages. 2 lodges. 8 cottages. 2 flats.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, PARK, AND WOODLANDS

PICTURESQUE SECONDARY RESIDENCE

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

EXCELLENT FARM BUILDINGS, PASTURE AND ARABLE LANDS

The actual and estimated rentals amount to £1,245 per annum

(The Residence and Gardens are requisitioned.)

PRICE £25,000 FREEHOLD

Particulars from:
HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)
(S.9,313)

EAST GRINSTEAD

About 3 miles from the town.

FOR SALE. CHARMING STONE-BUILT HOUSE



with its accommodation on two
floors. Drawing room 23 ft. by
14 ft., dining room 19 ft. by
14 ft., sitting room 23 ft. by
15 ft., study, 8 bedrooms,
3 bathrooms. Electric light.

Central heating. Garage.

Cottage. Delightful grounds,
woodland, meadowland.

In all about 23 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD

£6,500

AN INTERESTING PROPERTY IN THE HEART OF LOVELY COUNTRY

Sole Agent:
HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)
(C.44,676)

SURREY—VIRGINIA WATER

Lovely position. Southern slope. 1 mile from station.

ADJOINING AND OVERLOOKING THE FAMOUS WENTWORTH GOLF COURSE

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Entrance and lounge halls,
3 reception rooms, billiards
room, 9 bedrooms, 4 well-
equipped bathrooms, ser-
vants' hall. Companies'
electric light and water.
Central heating. Good
repair. Luxurious fittings.
Garages for 3. Cottage for
chauffeur.

VERY LOVELY BUT
INEXPENSIVE
GARDENS WITH KITCHEN
GARDEN. ORCHARD,
Paddock.



IN ALL ABOUT 6 ACRES. **PRICE £12,500 FREEHOLD**

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)
(S.34,480)

For Post-War Occupation.

WALTON HEATH, SURREY

Occupying a superb position 580 ft. up. 20 miles from Town.

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE

WITH WELL-PLANNED
ACCOMMODATION ON
TWO FLOORS

Hall, 4 reception and finely
panell'd billiard room, sun
parlour, 10 bedrooms, bath-
dressing room, and 5 bath-
rooms. Complete domestic
offices. Companies' ser-
vices. Constant hot water.

Central heating.

Garages. Lodge and cot-
tages. Farmery, etc.

Magnificently timbered
pleasure grounds, with
lawns, hard tennis court,
productive kitchen garden,
small orchard, 10 acres of
parkland, etc.



In all about 18 ACRES. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Recommended by the Sole Agents:

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)
(S.41,903)

BERKS

32 miles from London. Good social neighbourhood.

AN ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

STANDING IN THE MIDST OF THE ESTATE OF

109 ACRES

Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards and school rooms, 15 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,
domestic offices with menservants' rooms.

Companies' electric light and water. Central heating.

Garage for 5. Stabling. Lodge.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS. PARKLIKE LANDS AND
WOODLANDS

**FREEHOLD, TO BE SOLD AS A WHOLE, OR THE HOUSE
WITH ABOUT 20 ACRES. PRICE £11,000**

THE PROPERTY POSSESSES IMPORTANT ROAD FRONTAGES AND ABOUT
70 ACRES VALUABLE BRICK EARTH

Full particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.)

AN EXQUISITE REPLICA OF AN OLD TUDOR HOUSE

Adjoining Camberley Heath Golf Course. 1 mile of station. Charming views.

A RESIDENCE

FULL OF OLD OAK, CHOICE CARVINGS AND PANELLING

contains: great hall, 24 ft. 3 in. by 17 ft. 3 in. open to roof; 2 fine reception rooms,
servants' hall, 2 bedrooms with bathroom attached, 6 other bedrooms, with hand
basins and 2 more bathrooms. All main services. Central heating.

DOUBLE GARAGE WITH FLAT OVER

SPECIAL AIR RAID SHELTER

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS PARTLY WALLED INCLUDING: ROSE GARDEN
WITH FOUNTAIN, GOOD KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDENS, HEATHLAND
AND PINE.

IN ALL ABOUT 4 ACRES. **PRICE FREEHOLD £12,000**

WOULD BE LET AT £400 PER ANNUM

EARLY POSSESSION

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.)

(S.41,719)

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

LOVELY OLD PERIOD HOUSE IN KENT

In beautiful well-wooded country near the sea and between the Parklands of two large Estates.

WEALTH OF OLD-WORLD FEATURES YET
UP-TO-DATE WITH MODERN REQUIREMENTS

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main Services. Central Heating. Lodge. Outbuildings.

Picturesque old-world gardens with lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden.

Running stream with waterfalls, 2 paddocks, in all

ABOUT 8 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (16,573)

HANTS

Magnificently situated with delightful views over the River Hamble and Southampton Water

TO BE SOLD

An ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE in the late Georgian style containing hall, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main Electricity. Central Heating. Excellent Water Supply.

Cottages. Ample Outbuildings.

Delightful well-timbered gardens, orchards, walled kitchen garden, pasture and arable, in all

OVER 34 ACRES

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,450)

SOMERSET

Amidst lovely surroundings on the Southern slopes of the Mendip Hills.

A BEAUTIFUL STONE-BUILT JACOBEEAN
REPLICA

Erected about 50 years ago regardless of expense and to the designs of a well-known architect.

4 reception, billiards room, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity and gas. Central heating.

5 Cottages. Stabling. Garage.

Charming well-timbered gardens sloping to a river. 2 lakes (one stocked with trout). Hard and grass tennis courts.

Cricket ground, with pavilion. Meadowland. In all

ABOUT 17 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Full details from:
OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,371)

BORDERS OF EPPING FOREST

In a choice position on high ground commanding extensive views over beautifully wooded undulating country.

A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE
erected under the supervision of a well-known architect.

With lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, sun lounge, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main Services. 2 Garages. Stabling for 5.

Tastefully laid-out gardens, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, woodland, etc., in all

ABOUT 3½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

NOTE: A near-by cottage could be purchased if required. Full details from OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,452)

ON OUTSKIRTS OF WILTSHIRE VILLAGE

In a quiet position, approached by a drive over 100 yards in length from a by-road and near to a bus route.

AN ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

On 2 floors only and in excellent order. Hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, well-equipped bathroom.

Mains services. Central heating.

2 Garages. [Extensive Stabling. Outbuildings,

Delightful matured gardens, walled kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, etc., in all

ABOUT 5 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (M.2376)

BUCKS

Between Aylesbury and Buckingham, convenient for Main Line Station to London.

Sheltered situation in rural country.—For Sale

AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE
OF CHARACTER

Main electricity and water. Central heating.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Hunter Stabling. Farmery. 3 Cottages.

Very Pleasant Gardens. Excellent Pasture.

Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.

24 ACRES

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. Inspected and highly recommended. (16,730)

Grosvenor 1553
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1.

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
68, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

TUDOR GEM IN SURREY

500 feet up. Overlooking Golf Course with gate thereto.

COMPLETELY MODERNISED AND ENLARGED IN KEEPING
8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall with beautiful oak stairs. Panelled drawing room, dining room, cloakroom. All main services. Central heating. Garage and Flat.
4 ACRES. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.1993)

A PRACTICALLY PERFECT RESIDENCE 12 MILES S.W. OF LONDON

PRIVATE GATE TO GOLF COURSE

Entrance hall, cocktail bar, lounge, dining room. Study. Billiard room, all with polished oak floors. Excellent offices. Maids' sitting room. 7 bed and dressing rooms, two with fitted basins, 3 beautifully fitted bathrooms, 1 with enclosed shower. The whole accommodation, which is arranged for a minimum of labour, is on two floors only. Main Services. Central heating with oil-fired boiler with thermo control. Large double garage.

CHARMING GARDENS comprising lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, nuttree, and GAZE'S ALL-WEATHER HARD TENNIS COURT, in all ABOUT 2 ACRES.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Confidently recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount St., W.1. (D1201)

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1032-33

GLOS-WORCS BORDERS

Amidst delightful country, enjoying magnificent views of Cotswold Hills. Near renowned village. On bus route.

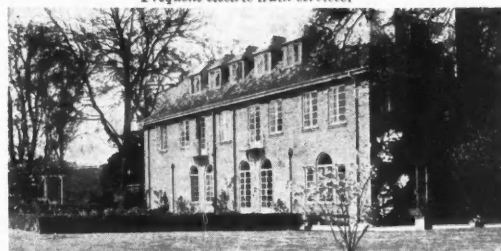
UNUSUALLY CHARMING GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER AND DISTINCTION. Completely modernised and planned for labour-saving. 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, and lounge. Compact offices. Electric light. Central heating. Garages and other useful outbuildings.
2 Cottages.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS, ORCHARD and Paddock. In all about 6 ACRES

MOST REASONABLE PRICE

SURREY—BERKS BORDERS

Close to the beautiful Chobham Commons. Under 25 miles London. Close to station. Frequent electric train services.



DISTINCTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE WITH QUEEN ANNE CHARACTERISTICS. In a lovely setting, with due South aspect. 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, model offices. All main services. Central heating throughout. Lavatory basins in bedrooms. Garage with large loft over. Gardens of great charm, studded with lovely shady trees. Water garden, woodland dell leading down to small stream. In all about 5 ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. EARLY POSSESSION

Highly recommended from personal knowledge by Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY AND TAYLOR, as above.

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.,

17, BLAGRAVE STREET, READING. Reading 4112.

OLD SUSSEX HOUSE MODERNISED AND MINIATURE FARM

Triangle of Haywards Heath, East Grinstead and Uckfield. CHARACTERISTIC RESIDENCE with 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, company's electricity and water. Excellent buildings (accredited) and sound land about 26 ACRES FREEHOLD. WELLESLEY-SMITH, as above.

BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND ALRESFORD

with 13 ACRES. OLD-FASHIONED MODERNISED HOUSE on 2 floors only with 3 good reception. Cloaks. 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Aga cooker. Garage. Bungalow. Well-timbered garden and suitable market garden land. FREEHOLD. WELLESLEY-SMITH, as above.

BARGAIN IN OXON.

with 500 Between Chipping Norton and Banbury. In favourite village. Near station and bus service. STONE-BUILT HOUSE in excellent order and on 2 floors only, 3 sitting, 5/6 bedrooms, bathroom. Company's electricity. Water and main drainage. Stabling. Garage and garden. FREEHOLD ABOUT AN ACRE. WELLESLEY-SMITH, as above.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861. Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

NORTH DEVON 130 ACRES

PICTURESQUE HOUSE DATING FROM XVIII CENTURY

2 reception, bathroom, 4 bedrooms. Bathing pool. Modern farm buildings. Productive stock and dairy farm.

£4,150. Possession Lady Day, 1944.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,494)

£5,000 FREEHOLD 5 ACRES

NORTH WILTS

On outskirts of village, near foot of DOWNS. 300 feet up.

A CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

in good condition and easy to run. Hall, 2 reception, bathroom, 5 bedrooms. Main electricity, water and drainage. Telephone. Central heating. 2 garages, extensive stabling. Delightful gardens, tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddock.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,359)

23, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1441

BERKSHIRE DOWNS

Close to village and station. Easy reach Newbury.



A CHARMING PERIOD HOUSE, MAINLY QUEEN ANNE, with interesting features. 8 bedrooms, 3 reception, bathroom. Main electricity and water. Very fine range of model stabling. Garage. Pretty gardens and grassland. For post-war occupation.

FOR SALE WITH 11 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

HISTORIC GEORGIAN HOUSE

ON AN OLD-WORLD COMMON

About 12 miles from London near Richmond.

THIS LOVELY PERIOD HOUSE, rich in characteristic features including a remarkably fine staircase, has been the subject of enormous expenditure and is in first-rate order. The walled gardens of about 3 acres with fine old cedars include swimming pool. Hard tennis court and prolific kitchen garden.

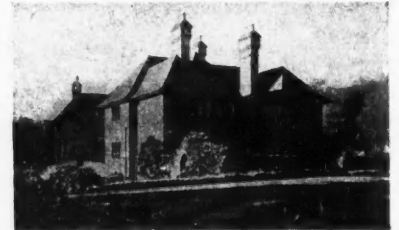
10 or 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, staff sitting room and good domestic offices. 2 cottages, garage, etc.

THE LEASE IS FOR DISPOSAL WITH POSSESSION AND AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY OCCURS OF SECURING A VERY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY ON MODERATE TERMS.

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

WEST SUSSEX BORDER

Lovely position, an hour from London



BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE OF GREAT CHARM. In perfect order, with every comfort and convenience. 13 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception. Garages. 3 cottages. Lovely gardens, pasture and woodland.

40 ACRES.

FOR SALE.

WITH POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR.
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

REGENT 2481

SURREY HILLS (14 Miles London)

between Purley and Caterham
EXECUTORS SELLING AT PRE-WAR PRICE
A HOUSE OF UNUSUAL PLANNING, mostly on one floor. Built 1905 on a hillside. 4 large reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main services; 2 garages. Charming grounds overlooking beautifully wooded valley. **£3,500 WITH 2½ ACRES.**—F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE IN KENT

between Tunbridge Wells and Cranbrook
MODERNISED AND IMPROVED regardless of cost. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms (fitted basins), 3 bathrooms. Aga cooker. Central heating. Main services. 2-car garage. Cottage. Hard tennis court. Lovely old gardens with fine trees. **£7,000.**—F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

SUSSEX. LEWES AND UCKFIELD

Unspoiled position, ¾ mile station
EXTREMELY PICTURESQUE MODERN HOME, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main services. Chauffeur's cottage and garage. Central heating. Lovely gardens with stream (fishing rights), paddocks. **9 ACRES. FREEHOLD £4,500.** Possession.—F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

DEVONSHIRE 74 ACRE ESTATE

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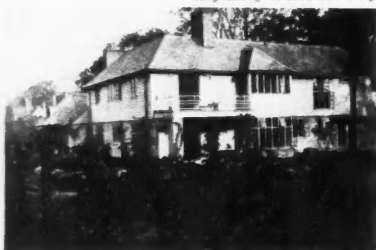
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(For Sale, To Let, Wanted, etc.)
See "CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES,"
PAGE 10.

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Established 1875.

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OLD-ESTABLISHED HOTEL, near beach and station. 48 bedrooms (all have basins, h. & c.), 6 bathrooms, ample public rooms. Lovely coastal views. Gardens and paddock. **6 ACRES.** Bungalow. Garage 25 cars. **FREEHOLD, FURNITURE AND GOODWILL, £22,300.**

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WELL LAID-OUT GROUNDS

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MIDST LOVELY COUNTRY
Wide-stretching views to Berkshire Downs
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SMALL STONE-BUILT COUNTRY
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In perfect order. Lounge hall, 2 reception, 4-5 bedrooms, modern equipped bathroom. Main electricity.

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In all about
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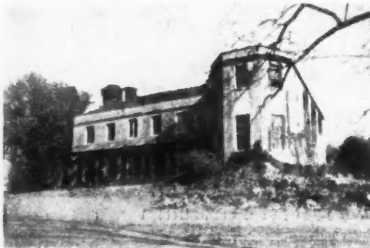
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Garage for 3, stabling for 3 with self-contained flat over.

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One gardener hired.

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A FURTHER 2 ACRES OF RICH PASTURE COULD PROBABLY BE PURCHASED.

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BETWEEN REIGATE AND REDHILL c.2
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keep dogs fit

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It is very gratifying on going through our files to find so many people who write in and tell us how well they have been treated in regard to their claims. Below are just a few extracts:

"I should like to express my satisfaction regarding your speedy and human methods of settling claims."

J. F. Newark, Notts. 20th Oct., '43.
"I appreciate the spirit in which your offer of an ex-gratia payment is made and shall be prepared to accept the same. With many thanks for the kindness you have shown us and the valuable assistance given which we have every reason to believe has saved the remainder of our dogs." R.A.H., Sutton, Surrey. 17th Aug., '43.

Dog values to-day are higher than ever before, and it is a wise person who takes the precaution of insuring his dog. Thousands, of course, do insure under a CANINE COMPREHENSIVE POLICY, which covers every conceivable form of risk, including death through sickness, distemper, B.H.S. infection, accident, whelping, as well as Veterinary Surgeons' fees, Third Party Claims of all kinds, etc. Write to-day for full particulars, mentioning breed and value of dog to

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BRITAIN'S FARMS MUST NOT LET UP

The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE says

● KEEP FULLY MOBILISED

"There is some danger of people in this country assuming the war is as good as over and that we shall soon be able to let up. . . . We must anticipate that the industry of agriculture in this country will have to remain fully mobilised for a period after hostilities have ceased—a period likely to be counted rather in years than in weeks or months."

● THE WORLD MUST BE FED

"Immediately after the war, the world will be faced with a general shortage of food."

—44 Nations came to this conclusion at a conference at Hot Springs, U.S.A.

● OUR FARMS MUST FEED OUR PEOPLE

"We consider that the best contribution we shall be able to make to the relief of hunger and distress throughout the world is to go on producing the maximum amount of foodstuffs from our own soil as long as this appears necessary."

—Extracts from the Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson's speech in the Agricultural Debate, House of Commons, 28th July, 1943.

Tune in at 7 p.m. Thursdays—Home Service—January 15, 27 and February 10, 24—to hear the broadcast discussions on SHEEP. Cut this out to remind you.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

Mr. Chase to Mr. Gardener

The Grange, Chertsey, Surrey.

JANUARY, 1944.

DEAR MR. GARDENER,

A Happy New Year to you and successful gardening in 1944! The Ministry tells us that "The Need is Growing," and there can be no possible doubt that whether Victory comes now, in the autumn, or not until next year, rationing and the shortage of food will continue well into 1945 and beyond.

Start in Good Time

So I want every cloche to be put into action at once. January is a big sowing month everywhere except the very coldest districts, and there is no time to lose in getting the ground dried out and warmed up ready for the seeds. At this time of the year, two to three weeks is not too long to cover the ground before sowing or planting.

If the weather is favourable, get the ground ready for sowing, working it to as fine a tilth as possible, and cover it with cloches, closing the ends of the rows. Rain and frost can now do no harm, and after about ten days you will probably be able to sow.

Should there be frost . .

If, however, we have prolonged frost, or worse still, snow followed by frost, the cloches may get frozen to the ground. They will come to no harm—frost does NOT crack glass—but until the thaw sets in you must not attempt to lift them or you will break the glass. As soon as the thaw comes you can sow your seed, for the tilth will have been preserved under the cloches.

Surface should be even

If the favourable spell never arrives, you can dry out your soil before you prepare it for sowing merely by covering it with cloches. I do not advise you to do this unless the surface is reasonably even, as cloches are intended to stand evenly on the ground, and if they are only supported at two or three points, there is a risk of gale damage. Whatever you do, don't forget to close the ends of the rows, or a heavy gale may lift the cloches and damage them.

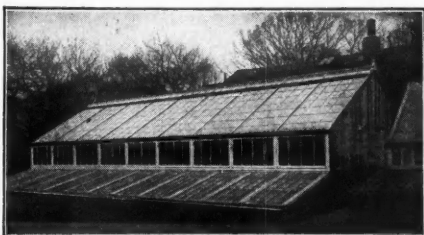
What to Sow in January

Except in the coldest districts, January is the month for sowing cabbage, cauliflower and brussels under cloches. This will give you far better plants than sowing indoors, for the seedlings will be hardy right from the start. Any type of cloche will do, but do remember to sow thinly. Broad beans, peas, carrots, radish, leeks, onions and lettuce may all be sown this month, except in the North. But remember that the days are short and the sun not very hot at this time of the year, and that little growth takes place in January except in Cornwall. Cloches cannot make heat, they only trap it, so do not expect rapid growth, and if the weather is against you and you have to put off sowing until February, don't be too much upset, as it does not matter very much.

If you did not put out your October-sown lettuce seedlings last month, put them out now, and remember that it is better to transplant them too small than too big, when they are liable to receive a check. The ground needs warming up with cloches just as much before transplanting as before sowing. Keep the ends in place both before and after the seedlings are put out.

W.H. Chase

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VICTORY

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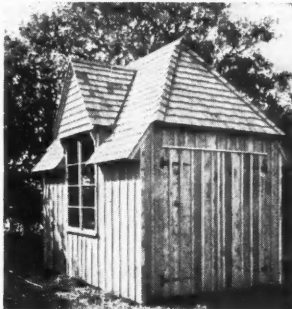
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the year



by
Lotus



COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCV. No. 2451

JANUARY 7, 1944



Harlip

MRS. W. J. AUSTIN

Mrs. Austin, Subaltern, A.T.S., is the second daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews, of Aston Hall, near Sheffield; her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel William James Austin, R.E.M.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Austin, of Chelmsford, Essex, took place recently

COUNTRY LIFE

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The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

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PRICES AND WAGES

THE dispute between Mr. Hudson and the farmers over prices and wages has always had that regrettable air of family misunderstanding about it which discourages comment from neighbours, however good their intentions may be. But though by the time these words appear either a general reconciliation may have taken place or, for that matter, a more bitter strife engendered, we cannot help wishing that there had been less of "Stand and deliver" on one side and still less of legalism on the other. The farmers and the Ministry of Agriculture have been doing a great work together and on the mutual confidence engendered by their war-time effort the agriculture of the future must be built. It was unfortunate in these circumstances that the farmers, in their organised aspect, should take the view that they could expect—irrespective of their general prosperity or otherwise—an automatic increase of commodity prices to cover any and every demonstrable rise in the cost of any factor of production. Labour being universally required in every kind of production, it is, on these lines, a logical demand that when the cost of labour goes up all commodity prices should be advanced. But everybody who conducts a business on whatever scale knows that there is a fallacy here, and that in practice the producer stands to gain more than he professes to claim.

On the other hand, it was undoubtedly tactless of Mr. Hudson to broadcast a speech which, for all its air of sweet reasonableness, might well have been conceived and written in the Treasury and which showed no slightest gleam of enthusiasm for the vital task which the Minister of Agriculture and the farmers have in common. There is not much team spirit in supporting the statement "we have already given you more than we intended or than you expected," with figures which, though logically defensible, do not square with the practice of war-time, spread over the country as a whole. It is no compensation to a Welsh farmer who is barely making both ends meet to be told that a farmer in Kent is making a fortune out of his apple orchards. Nor is it fair to estimate rising costs in these times on a basis of minimum wages which the men the farmer in fact employs could not think of accepting. The greatest harm is done by the mere employment of such modes of argument which cannot but sap confidence on the part of those who feel them to be a mere distortion of the truth.

But this must be said: there can be no doubt that the discussion of all such matters between the farmers and the Government would be made far easier and more effective if the National Farmers' Union could produce really reliable information with regard to farm profits and especially to those of small farms, many of

which have admittedly had a difficult time. More than a year ago the Union asked their county branches for 1,400 names of farmers who for this purpose would be willing to supply their forms and accounts. In nine months some 700 were forthcoming. Forms were sent to them, but only about 300 were returned. The Union is now making a new appeal, which we hope will be successful, to obtain details of the profits and losses being made on farms of different areas and types. It will obviously not be possible to conduct amicable and friendly discussions with the Government without more definite facts of this kind.

FOREST POLICY

AN interesting Report has just been circulated by the Royal English Forestry Society of a conference held in the autumn to discuss post-war policy as adumbrated in the Commissioners' Memorandum. Three doubtful issues were clarified. The Commissioners have agreed in principle that there should be a system whereby a successor can recover the management of the woodlands on an estate where that management has been compulsorily assumed by the State. They have also made it clear that they have no intention, such as their critics have suggested, of disallowing the advantages of dedication, advice, and subsidy to the owners of woods, however small, provided they are intended for timber production and not for some other quite distinct purpose. "It is not the function of the Forest Authority," said Sir Roy Robinson, however, "to spend the State's money on ornamenting the houses of private people." "The bigger the area of private woodlands which is dedicated," he went on, "as opposed to being transferred to the State, the better pleased the Commissioners will be." In spite of this, the Commission apparently envisages the early transfer to the State of from one-half to two-thirds of the larger private woodlands of the country, and it seems worth while to ask how far this pessimistic estimate is due to anticipated lack of staff and skilled labour on private estates at the end of the war, and how far this shortage can be eliminated by an intelligent scheme of education and re-settlement. There seems much to be said for the contention that no compulsion should be exercised on owners to dedicate their woods until at least five years after the establishment of a satisfactory educational system.

SONG

*OH! but if the wind would blow
And bring the sound of the sea
To rustle in the green, green branches
Of my tall apple-tree,
I'd know the sound of the sunlit ripples
Dancing along the sea.*

*And if the wind would blow again
And bring the smell of the sea
To flicker in the rosy blossom
Of my tall apple-tree
I'd know the smell of the rusty tangle
Drifting upon the sea.*

*And if the wind would blow three times
And bring the spray of the sea
Like dew upon the leaves to settle
Of my tall apple-tree
I'd lick my lips for the salty water
Blown to me from the sea.*

Oflag VII B, Germany. JOHN BUXTON.

A SQUIRE'S TESTAMENT

IN bequeathing his Hertfordshire home, Bedwell Park, to his son, the late Colonel Sir Francis Fremantle, M.P., took occasion in his Will to set forth the faith of a landowner. His conviction of the necessity to the community of a class that rarely speaks for itself carries the more weight in that Sir Francis (he was knighted in 1932) inherited his estate from his mother's family, being a doctor by profession and a public servant by avocation. He was Medical Officer of Health for Hertfordshire 1902-16 and a leading authority on housing, besides having acted as a war correspondent in the course of a busy public life. Thus his belief in the continued benefit to the nation of the maintenance of family centres and "the wise and sympathetic co-operation of a resident landed gentry" was the objective judgment of

a man who cannot be suspected of setting sectional before public interests. "It is my hope," he deposed, "that future owners of the estate, without prejudicing the claim of public interest for enterprise, leadership, or useful service elsewhere, will live at Bedwell in simple manner, be friends and neighbours, will serve God, the King, and their fellow-citizens to the utmost of their power, and will devote their lives and the possessions entrusted to them to the good of the whole community." That is a noble creed and, we have no doubt, that of squires generally, though some may sometimes feel discouraged by the apparent lack of recognition of their efforts and self-sacrifice. But while the future is unlikely to lighten their burdens appreciably, it may well extend their scope for local and public service, all the more valuable for being unofficial. And if they take this true gentleman's ideal to heart, they will not lack reward. The lines by an old poet, Rowland Watkyns, that Sir Francis prefixed to his book *The Housing of the Nation*, are not inapt to himself and express the ideal which he believed the landowner can help his countrymen to realise:

*A little house, a quiet wife,
Sufficient food to nourish life,
Most perfect health, and free from harm,
The liberty of foot, and mind,
And grace the ways of God to find.
This is the summe of my desire,
Until I come to heaven's quire.*

THE ROMANTIC HORSE

THE horse-drawn vehicle has to some extent come into its own again with the war, and the pleasant clip-clop of the pony-trap is again heard on the roads. The romance of it appeals alike to old and young; to the old in reviving tender memories, to the young in giving them the chance of a new experience. Many a child who knows all about motor cars longs for a drive in the sleepy old fly still occasionally to be found at a rustic railway station. Such a dream was realised the other day, it appears, by a lady who was a child some 40 years ago. She had been promised a drive in a hansom and the promise had never been kept. Now she has realised it by taking a drive along the Embankment in the one hansom, the property of Sir Edward Wilshaw, still left in London. It is to be hoped that her sensations were to the full as ecstatic as she had pictured them for all those years. And yet this hansom is a survival from a modern past compared with the old gentleman, Mr. Fownes, who has lately died at the age of 93. Thackeray wrote nostalgically of the old coachmen and the blue-nosed ostler with his clinking pail and now, 80 years after Thackeray's death, the last of the professional stage coachmen is gone.

REVOLUTIONS IN TASTE

THE fears being expressed that the proposed road bridge over the Firth of Forth may spoil the view of the Forth Bridge would seem to mark an important stage in the revolution of taste. It must be one of the first cases of an engineering structure passing into the category of national monuments along with cromlechs, castles, and cathedrals. It would be interesting to know how contemporaries regarded the Forth Bridge. Some reader's family scrap-book may contain a protest from a "Lover of Caledonia" at this "monstrous desecration," etc. What did Mr. Ruskin say about it? *A propos* Ruskin it is worth noting that the only building that he designed himself, No. 13, Piccadilly, till recently the Fly-Fishers' Club, is now being demolished after damage during the blitz. It foreshadowed, in a curious way, the form later adopted for many steel-framed buildings—windows with their "aprons" filling in a masonry framework—though the Venetian Gothic detail gave a hint of its parentage and the fascia of a tea-shop concealed the ground storey. It, too, was due for recognition as a period specimen. Both these instances of the circular trajectory of taste go to confirm the contention that nothing is fundamentally ugly but waste—of effort, opportunity, or material.

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS

AS we go to press we learn with deep regret of the death of Sir Edwin Lutyens, O.M. A memoir will appear in our next issue.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

ONE of the not altogether unjust accusations made against me is that I am addicted to harking back to the past, and giving the impression that I consider old times the best. After looking at the clothing and facial growths in some of the very interesting photographs of the '50s, '60s and '70s which have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE recently I feel that, if I had been born a decade or so earlier, I should have been only too delighted to live entirely in the present, and make my mind a complete blank so far as my unsightly youth was concerned.

One may look at old pictures of men and women of the Elizabethan, Stuart and 18th-century periods and find nothing hideous or ludicrous in their clothing and style of hair dressing. One has the feeling perhaps that the full-bottomed wig of Marlborough's times must have been somewhat trying in hot weather, or that the stomacher of Elizabeth's days might have been something of a bar in a hot rally at tennis, but there was nothing strikingly ugly about either the clothes worn or the method of wearing the hair. The 18th-century fashions were so charming and attractive that at fancy-dress balls to-day there are always a round dozen Marie Antoinettes and Dolly Vardens—and with very good reason. It was during the three decades after the Crimean War, the period known as mid-Victorian, that ugliness in all things was esteemed.

It is a moot point whether the men or women of those days achieved the greater unsightliness and concomitant discomfort as represented by the full beard and very tall hat, or the crinoline and other trappings. How hot the full beard must have been in a temperature above 80°, and how full of hoar frost and icicles below 30°; and how did one shoot on a windy day with the lush growth blowing up over the small of the stock, and how did one fish with it becoming entangled in the cast and flies? The only thing one can say of the male unsightliness of those days is that they allowed Nature to do its worst, but did not interfere with their figures unduly. Women, on the other hand, seem to have specialised during this period in either disguising the fact that they had such a thing as a figure, or padding out certain portions of their anatomy so that there was little or no semblance to humanity. In this respect, seeing that delicately-sloping shoulders have been a feature of the perfect female figure throughout the ages, the tactless uninstructed male might ask why at the present time women are going about in coats so padded at the shoulders that they look like light-weight boxing champions in their best Sunday suits.

The photograph which, I think, will strike everyone in these days of no domestic staff with a feeling of thankfulness for a change of fashions is that of the drawing-room interior of the '70s with every available inch of the walls smothered with china plates, and an overmantel crowded with some hundred pieces of bric-a-brac and vases. The dusting of this room would mean an eight-hour day with two hours overtime, but as almost every house in the country has received at least a thorough shaking since 1939, it is possible, even if fashions had not changed, that the *Luftwaffe* would have seen to it that this labour was obviated.

A NAVAL correspondent has confessed to a feeling of professional jealousy in that I appear to be in contact with a large number of



John H. Stone

LONDON WINTER: SCENE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

military observers who write on various subjects, but that there is an almost complete lack of those from the Senior Service. He thinks something should be done about it and has asked the question if anyone has seen a bird take a flying fish on the wing. During a run his ship was making between Callao and Cartagena there was a short steep sea, usual in the north-east trades in the Caribbean Sea, and every time the cruiser, travelling at 15 knots, pushed her nose into one of these waves, a shoal of flying fish broke out of it, and flew out fan-wise from the stem of the vessel. I have seen this happen myself when the ship is in tropical waters and have noticed birds of the gull tribe following the fish, and diving at them immediately they strike the water again. Waiting for them always at the point of contact are the bonito and the albacore, which live entirely on these small fish, and it has struck me that the flying fish's life is not a very happy one, as he lives eternally between the Scylla aloft as represented by the birds, and the Charybdis below in the form of various voracious cannibal fish which can travel very much faster than he can. I have also noted that a flying fish's flight is not merely an aimless glide on outstretched wings from wave to wave, as is popularly supposed, but that he flies in the direction he wishes to take, and I have seen them, when about to enter the water again, change their minds suddenly on seeing something waiting for them below and continue their flight for another hundred yards or so.

ON this particular run in the Caribbean Sea, my correspondent writes, a gannet, looking very much like an old and peevish schoolmaster, took up his station over the bows of the ship and glided along on motionless wings. Every second or so he turned a scowling countenance to the right and left, as if trying to detect someone laughing behind his back, and a gannet has a very cold and forbidding eye set beneath a beetling brow. Then, when he judged the moment was right, he would swoop behind a shoal—or is it covey?—as the ship pitched, flatten out above the surface of the water and snatch a fish on the wing just before it dived into the wave ahead. As he had only a split second in which to accomplish this difficult feat in the narrow space between two waves he missed frequently, and on these occasions he would return to his stance with a look on his face that reminded one of those far-off years when the form master would say: "If I catch anyone laughing I will keep the whole form in."

One other thing I know about flying fish is that they are extraordinarily good eating and taste like very slightly salted herrings. On my one and only voyage in sail we used to put a lantern on the rail at night to attract them, as, like moths and birds, the flying fish apparently fly blindly towards lights. I obtained a practical demonstration of this one night for,

while bending over the binnacle to get the course of the ship in the light on the compass from the small binnacle lamp, I received a crashing box on the ear from what felt like a large wet hand. As this was not an uncommon occurrence when one was a cadet in a sailing ship I was not unduly surprised, but only half-stunned. The mystery on this occasion was, who had administered the blow, as there was no one in sight, except the officer on the poop some 20 yds. away. Then I saw, lying at my feet, a large flying fish with his nose stove in!

THE other evening as the sun was going down a trifle south of west as a hard red ball in a cold north-easterly sky, and a chilling wind was coming in over the water-meadows, now owing to the Catchment Board's activities not nearly so watery as they were, there was something untoward happening in the bird world. Far overhead a big gathering of rooks was wheeling and high-jinking, and probably vociferating loudly, but I never hear the rooks now, and to misquote Francis Thompson and his cricket crowd "I look through my tears on a noiseless cawing host," and owing to the bitter wind tears were plentiful. Below the rooks an even larger gathering of gulls, variety unidentified, were flying rapidly in circles, while beneath them a long black column of starlings was winging its way from south to north, and just avoiding a smaller column of the same birds travelling in the opposite direction. In the middle distance a mob of green plover were registering disapproval and indulging in their tumbling flight. Like the rooks they were probably complaining plaintively, and some blackbirds in a hedgerow were holding an indignation meeting, in sympathy with the movement.

The cause of the excitement I could not see, unless it was the sudden arrival of a big migratory flock of starlings from the Continent, and the regular tenants of the area were showing their disapproval of the influx of this horde of foreigners when, with the frosts, food supplies are getting short. On the other hand perhaps the cause was something quite trivial and unimportant, something in the nature of a rook Mr. Morrison letting out from 18b incarceration a gull Sir Oswald Mosley, or the spread of the news that some Hereford starlings had beaten a young green plover. Birds do sometimes lose all sense of proportion and make much ado about nothing.

THERE are two extraordinary and apparently contradictory things to be noted about the circulation of good stories: the first is the amazing quickness with which they are spread about, the other is the complete immunity from them which occurs here and there among our population, sometimes a matter of class or occupation, sometimes quite unpredictable. For

the benefit of readers of COUNTRY LIFE I will tell two military stories from this country which, owing to the existing poorness of communications, may not yet have spread all over the British Isles.

The first of these concerns a minute to a correspondence written by a brigadier in which he made some suggestion as to training, and which eventually reached the War Office. Here the matter was dealt with by a young staff captain who pulled the proposal to pieces, turned it down, and ended up with the remark: "also the last sentence ends with a preposition." After many days the correspondence came back to its author, and the Brigadier was naturally

furiously. He wrote: I take exception to the tone of this minute. It represents a case of gross impertinence on the part of a junior staff officer up with which I will not put.

The other story is connected with the efforts of some of our American Allies in this country to grow some sweet corn for themselves. They had ploughed up a plot of land in their camp, and one of their officers then achieved the almost impossible. He obtained from a neighbouring farmer what the Americans call a "truck-load" of manure, and this in itself proves the warm feelings we entertain in this country towards our Allies and cousins from across the Atlantic, for it is extremely doubtful if any

British unit could obtain such a priceless gift.

On its way back to camp the truck was halted by a sentry who challenged, and asked the details of the party. The officer replied: "One officer, one truck of manure and one negro driver." There were a number of sentry-posts down the road, and after the challenge and reply had been repeated several times the driver asked: "Say, Bo, how many more of these British sentries are we going to pass?"

The officer said he thought there were several.

"Well, Bo," asked the driver, "before we come to the last one do you think I could take priority to the manure?"

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—VIII

BRADFORD-ON-AVON

Written and Illustrated by EDWARD WALKER

ON the edge of Wiltshire eight miles south-west from Bath lies a little treasure town, the loveliest in all the West Country, Bradford-on-Avon. Leland wrote in 1552:

The Towne self of Bradeford standith on the clining of a slaty rokke and hath a meetely good market on a weeke. The Towne is made al of stone and standith as I com to it on the hither ripe of Avon.

The worthy "prowler" saw the little town four centuries ago very much as we see it now, and as I have drawn it in Fig. 2, clinging confusedly to the "slaty rokke," an escarpment of high ground which thrusts southward and overlooks the great weald of Bristol Avon to the remoteness of the downs and Salisbury Plain.

The bridge which Leland crossed to win to the hither ripe of Avon still stands, and Aubrey, who came this way a century later, described it as "strong and handsome" with "a little chapelle as at Bathe for masse." But in their day it was only possible for pack-horses and those who went afoot; wheeled traffic had perforce to pass over by the broad ford from which Bradford takes its name.

Early in the seventeenth century the bridge was widened, the east side of nine unequal 13th-century pointed arches was retained and nine round ones were added down-stream. Numbers of metal sockets may be observed on the inner sides of both parapets. On market days iron hurdles were fitted into these and the footways and part of the roadway transformed into pens for pigs, sheep and poultry. Shades

of Rowlandson! what an enchanting scene the old bridge must have presented on those far-off market days, the long rows of crowded pens, the thronging country-people with the ancient grey town rising in terraces behind.

The small domed building shown in both pictures of the bridge is the "little chapelle" to which Aubrey refers. The original structure was, doubtless, coeval with the early bridge, but as it appears now it is a work of the sixteenth century with doorway on the footpath and roofed over with rounded overlapping stone courses. The stone finial is quaintly shaped, and rotating on the vane is an amusing and realistic fish known as the Bradford Gudgeon, a good piece of 16th-century copper gilt.

There is a notable specimen of first-class mason's work in the supporting corbelling which springs from the faces of one of the cutwaters up-stream; early mediæval craftsmanship at its best, it is virile and stimulating work in stone. The tiny chamber in its time has been a lock-up or "blind house" and a pound as well as a chapel.

From the moment of crossing Avon and entering the town I am at once uncannily reminded of some of the smaller mountain towns of central Italy and southern Spain. Bradford is a counterpart to Assisi or Benaojan. Little imagination is needed to see, in semi-ruinous breweries and abandoned mills with gaunt stone façades and rows of tiny windows set high in the walls, the monasteries and convents of Perugia or San Francesco at Assisi, so strong is the likeness. Many of the houses are Renaissance palaces in miniature clutching the terraced hillside as do those which adhere precariously to the crags at Ronda. There are cypresses as well and stone pines and cedars, balustered parapet walls, sculptured urns and steeply perilous alleyways. On the crest of the hill there is a tall campanile—somebody's "folly" to complete the illusion and make it real. Only the background of tawny sierras is wanting.

In the town the number of modern buildings is small. Such as there are have been conceived to harmonise pleasantly with neighbouring old work and there is amity between the old and the new. But Bradford has not altogether escaped the disfigurement of ribbon development, though it does not show very much in the general prospect because of the lie of the land. May the future bring nothing worse!

In the old buildings all over the town there is a captivating diversity of design, though there is apparent in them all a traditional homogeneity. Built on the terraced slopes among many trees and gay gardens at different levels, and twisting and turning in conformity with the meanderings of the streets and alleys alongside which they are placed, they provide unusual groupings and unexpected compositions for the delight of the painter and draughtsman. A Guardi of the present day might accomplish much here in Bradford.

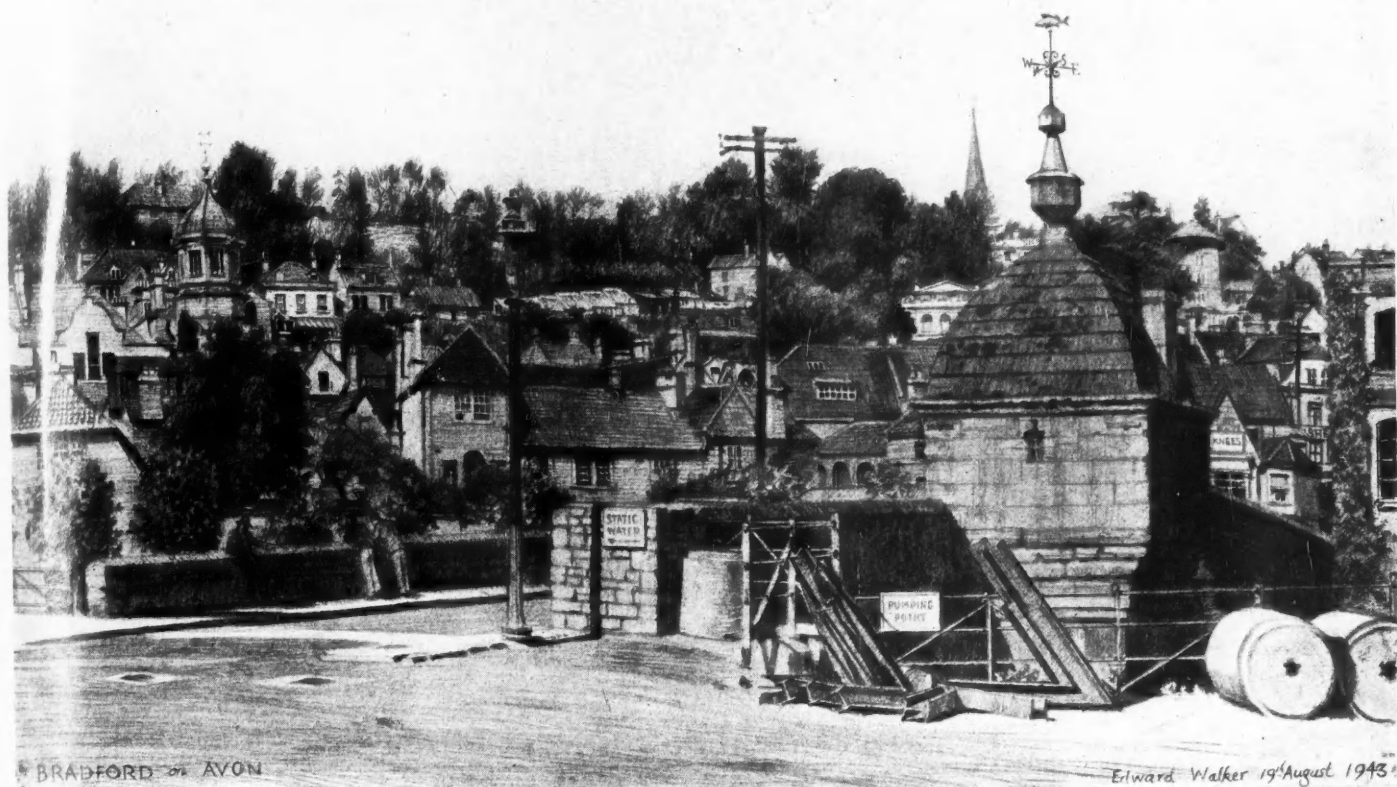
From early times Bradford was a famous wool and cloth centre, and its principal inhabitants followed the trade until, towards the end of the nineteenth century, Leland tells us that in his day "al the town of Bradeford stondith by clooth-making." In the three centuries that followed, the great clothiers amassed considerable fortunes and founded county families some of whose members held high and honourable offices in the service of sovereign and State.

Many built for themselves fine stone mansions, diminutive Florentine and Genoese Renaissance



BRADFORD ON AVON

1.—THE BRIDGE CHAPEL AND WESTBURY HOUSE



2.—THE APPROACH TO THE TOWN OVER THE BRIDGE]

(Right) 3.—DRUCE'S. ONE OF THE GREAT CLOTHIERS' HOUSES OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME

palaces. Names like Methuen's, Moxham's and Druce's still cling to certain 18th-century houses of Bradford clothier families who built them. I have drawn one, Druce's (Fig. 3), a noble house in the centre of the town. Anthony Druce and brother William, members of the Society of Friends, must have been proud men, if Quakers may have pride, when they moved into their house, new and wonderful, in those early days of the eighteenth century. And what furniture they would have had in the lovely panelled rooms!

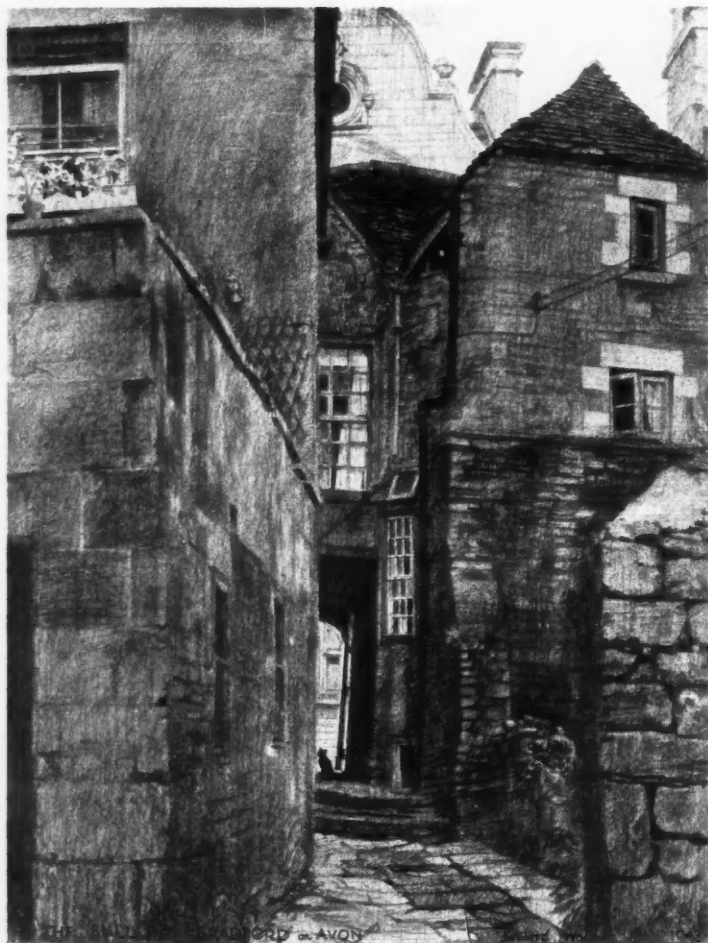
On the outskirts of the town, where the roads to Trowbridge and Frome diverge, stands a complete and beautiful group of almshouses. The building was founded in 1700 by one John Hall, a leading clothier of Bradford, a member of one of the principal families and the owner of the Great Hall on Avon bank. It is an oblong stone building of two storeys, arranged to accommodate four old men. It has a high-pitched stone-tiled roof with projecting eaves and is a picturesque and well-proportioned little structure, a model for posterity. I have drawn the gateway (Fig. 6) fronting the Frome road, the only entrance to the small forecourt upon which the four dwellings open. The gateway has ball-capped piers and wrought-iron gate and handrails into the design of which the armorial bearings of the Hall family (*sable*, 3 battleaxes palewise 2 and 1 *argent*) are cunningly incorporated. The coat appears again, this time with the crest (an arm embowed in armour proper holding a battleaxe) in the achievement within a pretty cartouche carved above the centre doorways on the main wall.

The parish church has passed through a succession of changes, alterations and additions consequent upon variation of style during the Middle Ages, and it can show examples of good work of each period. The hand of the restorer has also lain heavily upon it. In mid-nineteenth century—those years so tragic for our ancient buildings—it suffered the common fate of being partly re-built and neatened and scraped during the process known as restoration, and as a result forfeited much of its old charm. But it is still an important and beautiful feature in the *ensemble* of the town. Fig. 7 shows it viewed from above on the first terrace of the slope. I hope it may convey some idea of the sylvan beauty of its setting





4.—DRUCE'S HILL



5.—THE BULL PIT

on the banks of Avon which here are overhung with noble trees as the stream flows on to old Barton bridge close by.

In one of the most friendly-looking of the group of mellow old houses grouped round the church, among which are several described by Leland, lived Edward Orpin, parish clerk of Bradford, the original of Gainsborough's well-known portrait in the National Gallery.

In the neighbourhood of the parish church there is an area called the Abbey Yard but, though it was known beyond all doubt that a monastery had been founded at Bradford early in the eighth century by the West Saxon Bishop St. Aldhelm, and a church built dedicated to St. Lawrence, no trace of monastic building had ever been found there. But, in 1856, a distinguished archaeologist, the late Canon Jones, Vicar of Bradford and author of a scholarly history of the town, made a romantic discovery. It was a scoop such as archaeologists dream of, like Mr. Pickwick's finding of the famous Cobham stone, but it was genuine, it really happened and it came about in this way.

One summer evening the Canon was looking down upon the



6.—ENTRANCE TO JOHN HALL'S ALMSHOUSES

town from Tory, one of the upper terraces—where, by the way, are some delightful 18th-century houses—when a sudden inspiration came to him. He saw that, amid a picturesque huddle of roofs down in the Abbey Yard, he could plainly discern one in the form of a cross. He knew this confused medley of buildings very well; it adjoined his church and consisted of a nucleus or parent-building so hidden by agglutinated additions that from the ground level its form was unrecognisable. It was necessary to ascend the slope as he had done to realise that, in the midst of this chaos of roofs and walls, hemmed in on every side—with a charity school on one part and an added wing forming the schoolmaster's dwelling, another erection used as a coach-house, a stable, a large shed—in the heart of this heterogeneous jumble, was a cruciform building. Its nature and design had been entirely unsuspected. What had been visible was thought to be 18th-century work of no account. But Canon Jones's insight saw through the parasitic envelopment.

Careful investigations were made and the outline of an ecclesiastical structure with nave, chancel and north porch was disclosed. The Canon's hypothesis was correct; it was a church and—it was very old. Here was the very church of St. Lawrence, the Ecclesia

recorded by William of Malmesbury as having been built at Bradford belonging to the ancient monastery that St. Aldhelm founded early in the eighth century near the broad ford. The incongruous appendages which had so long concealed its identity were removed and it was carefully restored. In 1886, when all was done, the priceless relic stood revealed as a small high stone building 38 ft. long and 10 ft. to 13 ft. wide, tidily installed in a neat grass-grown close adjacent to the east end of the parish church, with the orientation of which its long axis very nearly agrees. In the picture of the parish church the Saxon church may be observed, a small gabled building nestling close to the north side of the larger edifice, a little mother with a well-grown child. The drawing in Fig. 8 shows its north side, thus marvellously discovered—the most perfect Saxon building that we have, and one of no little distinction with its flat arcades diversifying the most windowless walls.

In the year 1001 Ethelred gave the monastery of St. Lawrence with the manor of Bradford to the Abbess of Shaftesbury, and the reigning Abbess continued to hold her possessions in precarious tenure during many fateful years until their final surrender on March 23, 1539. During these 500 years the abbesses dominated the town's story. Bradford became an important place in the West Country, and noble works in stone of these centuries remain, relics of their wise rule.

Across Avon to the south there is a congeries of ancient buildings now known as Barton Farm. Approached by a narrow four-arched 14th-century bridge over the river, this was the grange of the abbey in mediæval times. The outstanding building is the manorial or demesne barn, the great tithe barn of Bradford. It forms the south side of a grass-grown farm-yard 60 yds. square behind the farm under the hill, and, up to a few years ago, had been in continuous use for the storage of agricultural produce since the early years of the fourteenth century.

I entered the vast building by a small arched doorway in one of the four transepts and at once was in eerie solitude. Before me was the gaunt emptiness of the tremendous chamber, mysterious and grim by the dim shafts of light coming through narrow slits high in the bare walls. The fantastical structure of the vast timber roof reached up into the daunting gloom above, a tortuous perspective of enormous oaken beams.

The view of the barn (Fig. 9) is part of the north side facing the town. Some idea of the sylvan surroundings may be gained from the picture of the

(Right) 8.—ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, THE MOST COMPLETE SAXON CHURCH IN ENGLAND, BROUGHT TO LIGHT AMONG DERELICT SHEDS

(Below) 9.—THE GREAT TITHE BARN BUILT BY THE ABBESS OF SHAFTESBURY



7.—LOOKING OVER THE CHURCH

From this direction Canon Jones discovered the Saxon church (the roof of which is seen in the centre) built up among disused factories



parish church where the barn appears, its roof showing as a small oblong, behind the west wall of the steeple.

The larger drawing emphasises the ecclesiastical character of the architecture. The building is in effect a great nave 168 ft. long and 33 ft. wide with a high-pitched stone-tiled roof carried on huge timber trusses. There are twin transepts on each long side with moulded doorways 20 ft. wide and angle buttresses and carved finials at the apices of the gables. The ends of the nave rise to 39 ft. and their walls are 4 ft. thick. The long side walls are 2 ft. 6 ins. thick. The mouldings on the vousoirs of the entrance arches are soot-blackened from the smoke of latter-day threshings, when, as ever, the great doors were opened wide but, instead of flails, an engine belched on the threshold. We must rejoice that the venerable building has escaped serious damage by fire and be thankful that, as it is now in the hands of the National Trust, such risks will never be taken again.

GEORGIAN CABINET-MAKERS

XII—THOMAS CHIPPENDALE AT HAREWOOD. By RALPH EDWARDS and MARGARET JOURDAIN

IN these selections from a survey of Georgian cabinet-makers the work of a number of Thomas Chippendale's contemporaries and rivals has been reviewed, with the result that his long undisputed supremacy in the field of craftsmanship has to some extent been discounted; and it may be well to conclude by recalling his work at Harewood House, which may justly be held to represent the highest achievement of English cabinet-making. If, on the evidence of existing examples in the *Director* style, Chippendale's work on the whole is inferior both in design and craftsmanship to authentic furniture by the firm of Vile and Cobb, in his last phase, when he came under the influence of Robert Adam, he attained a new distinction and technical brilliance which sets him as an exponent of the neo-classic style appreciably ahead of the most accomplished of his rivals. The reputation of Thomas Chippendale as a maker of furniture was not entirely eclipsed even during the "beautiful classic change of the Regency," and his publication, the *Director* (1754), a very effective advertisement for the firm, did much to conserve his memory and has secured for him a disproportionate reputation.

While Chippendale was held solely responsible for the *Director*, his place as a formative designer and interpreter of the rococo was assured. But his responsibility is now found to be of a limited kind, since the authors of two essays, *The Creators of the Chippendale Style* (Fiske Kimball and E. Donnell, Metropolitan Museum Studies, 1929), have shown that the majority of the plates bearing Chippendale's name were the invention of other designers, in particular of Matthias Lock (who was the pioneer of the rococo in England) and another contemporary draughtsman, H. Copland. The plates in the *Director* indicated, in the main, the types of furniture which could be supplied by the firm, and showed the relative popularity of the rococo, the Chinese and the Gothic fashions. Several "carvers' pieces" were, however, purely fantastic, not "to be solemnly appreciated but to be liked for the exuberance that inspired them."

As subscribers to the *Director* are included names of persons of position and influence, such as the Dukes of Beaufort and Portland and Norfolk, and a number of his fellow-craftsmen, cabinet-makers, carvers, carpenters, and joiners. A second edition was issued in 1755, a third in 1762. In the last edition the number of plates is increased from 160 to 200. Among the "Chippendale" drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum is a group in which

there are inked versions of unpublished designs. They suggest that Chippendale had begun the preparation of a fourth edition of the *Director* which was never issued.

The little that is known of Chippendale's career is recorded in *Thomas Chippendale*, by Oliver Brackets. It is clear that he was a native of Otley in Yorkshire and was the son of a joiner and grandson of a carpenter. He married in 1748. His first wife died in 1772, and he married again in 1777. In 1749 he took a house in Conduit Street, Long Acre. He moved in 1753 to premises in St. Martin's Lane, and in the following year the first edition of his *Gentleman's and Cabinet-maker's Director* was published. In 1755 he was renting three houses in St. Martin's Lane, where he remained until his death in 1779.

He was elected in 1760 a member of the Society of Arts, to which he was proposed by "Long" Sir Thomas Robinson of Rokeby, an amateur architect and dilettante, who may have taken an interest in Chippendale as a fellow-Yorkshireman. Among the Chippendale bills and letters at Mersham Hatch is a letter (dated 1771) from his partner, Thomas Haig, informing Sir Edward Knatchbull that Chippendale is away in Yorkshire, where he has "business in several parts."

It will be convenient to consider first the patrons and houses known to have been supplied with furniture by Chippendale, as these constitute the only indisputable basis for attribution, in fact the canon of his work.

A bill exists for two gilt mirrors for the Duke of Portland in 1766; and furniture was supplied by the firm to Lady Susan Fox-Strangways (daughter of Lord Ilchester), who made a runaway match with the actor, William O'Brien. Three houses, Nostell and Harewood in Yorkshire, and Mersham Hatch in Kent, contain pieces authenticated by accounts. The Nostell accounts, which cover a period between 1766 and 1770, include a "large mahogany table of very fine wood . . . the whole completely finished in the most elegant taste," as the most important single item.

The Harewood accounts date from 1772 to 1775 and illustrate the revival of marquetry and the full influence of Robert Adam's design. There are a number of inlaid pieces at Harewood House, evidently designed for their definite places in each room. Of Chippendale's work at Harewood, Oliver Brackets justly writes that "it stands out amongst the few masterpieces of English furniture comparable in technical brilliance with the finest achievements of the French cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century."

The records of the furnishing of David Garrick's house in the Adelphi are dated 1771 and 1772. Garrick took a house in the Adelphi, which was furnished in part from his villa at Hampton. The firm of Chippendale supplied him with some new furniture and renovated the old. Garrick's bill to them amounted to nearly £1,000, and after rather more than one-third was paid on account, a final settlement was delayed until Garrick was threatened with an action at law. There is the contemporary evidence of Fanny Burney that Garrick's House in Adelphi Terrace was "elegantly fitted up." In the principal bedroom there was a strange structure, an "inlaid case of rosewood and fustic," containing a bed; and there were commodes



1.—LADY WORSLEY, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780)
In carved and gilt frame

"curiously inlaid with fine woods" in the drawing-room. The painted furniture from Garrick's villa at Hampton-on-Thames, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, were probably made by Chippendale's firm.

Chippendale's accounts for work for Sir Edward Knatchbull of Mersham Hatch cover the years between 1767 and 1778. From this group of accounts it is evident that the firm carried out work of varied character such as decorating, paper-hanging, and upholstery. Some of the furniture made by them for the bedrooms still survives, and is of simple, inexpensive character. Chippendale supplied in 1767 a frame for the portrait of the Duke of Northumberland for the great court-room of Middlesex Hospital. The "very rich and most elegant ornamental frame" was, according to a contemporary account, "designed and executed by Chippendale."

There remains the far larger class in which there is no proof by record or accounts, but the existing furniture corresponds with designs in the *Director*. Such correspondence seems at first sight to amount to authentic proof, and there is a very strong case for attribution when it is obviously the work of a master craftsman and is found in a house where the contemporary owner was a subscriber to the *Director*. The subscriber to this work was probably a client. There is much furniture of *Director* type at St. Giles's House, Dorset, and Lady Shaftesbury, described as "a liberal encourager of the arts and sciences," was a subscriber. Furniture at Badminton is of *Director* type, and the Duke of Beaufort was also a subscriber.

Where there is correspondence between pieces of furniture and *Director* designs, but where there is no evidence of subscription, it is necessary to walk warily. It should be remembered that the *Director* was a comprehensive pattern-book, and that its designs were available to subscribers. There are (or were) "book pieces" at Crichel, Raynham, Langley Park, Coombe Abbey, and Kimbolton Castle, which fall within this debatable category.



2.—DETAIL OF SATINWOOD INLAID
SECRETAIRE

(Right) 3.—INLAID LIBRARY TABLE
Mounted with ormolu, circa 1770

In some of these cases where correspondence with the design coexists with a high standard of craftsmanship there is at least a presumption in favour of Chippendale's authorships.

The small group of houses forming the "Canon" of Thomas Chippendale's authenticated work Harewood is certainly the most remarkable, both for sustained quality and for the range and variety of its contents. Harewood House was built and furnished throughout "with magnificence of conception probably unparalleled in England" by Edwin Lascelles, afterwards Lord Harewood. Robert Adam was called in to supersede the "strongly traditional and practical" Yorkshire architect, John Carr. The first stone was laid in 1759 and the house was ready for occupation by 1761. Adam's drawings for the interior, for which he alone was responsible, range from 1765 to 1771, while one, dated so late as 1779, shows that the work was not then quite completed.

A visitor in 1787 gives an ecstatic account of the interior—"All the rooms are equally elegant and costly, particularly the State apartments, but the large gallery and his great drawing-room present such a show of magnificence and art as the eye hath scarce seen and words cannot describe. The former takes up the west wing, and is seventy-seven feet by twenty-four and a half—on one side are four most superb plate glasses ten feet high, also another of the same over the chimney-piece, and two large oval ones in other places. . . . The great drawing-room is also as handsome as designs and gilding can make it; there are seven elegant glasses ornamented with festoons, particularly light and beautiful, also tables with the same. The whole has been finished only a year by Chippendale, St. Martin's Lane."

The concluding sentence supports the evidence afforded by bills in the possession of Lord Harewood that the owner continued to patronise Chippendale's firm after the death of its founder, which occurred eight years before this account was written. An anonymous versifier "on viewing Mr. Lascelles' House at Gawthorpe, October 1770," that is, just before the house was first occupied, produced a fervid tribute which begins:

Hail glorious structure! noblest of our isle
Finished by artists bred on every soil.
What gold can finish or what taste can show
Beyond conception strike the astonish'd view
Such costly furniture, such beds of state.

The accounts of Chippendale and Haig are dated between 1772 and 1775 and total £6,326; but the firm must have been employed earlier by Edwin Lascelles, for the first item is "To a Bill delivered" for nearly half the total sum. There are a number of pieces in the *Director* style at Harewood, and these may represent part of the earlier outlay; but some of the most important examples of this marquetry furniture for which the house is famous are also absent from the bills; and it may therefore be inferred that they were obtained before 1772.

Among the relatively few pieces which are thus identified is the celebrated commode supplied in November, 1773, at a cost of £86, described as "very large" and "rich" with "exceeding fine Antique Ornaments curiously inlaid with various fine woods . . . with Diana and Minerva and their emblems curiously inlaid and engraved . . . into many wrought Brass Antique Ornaments finely finished."

A dressing-table commode (Fig. 4) and an upright secretaire, a very rare form in England, inlaid with delicately drawn figures in ivory on



4.—INLAID SATINWOOD DRESSING COMMODE
The medallion in ivory on ebony ground, circa 1770-75

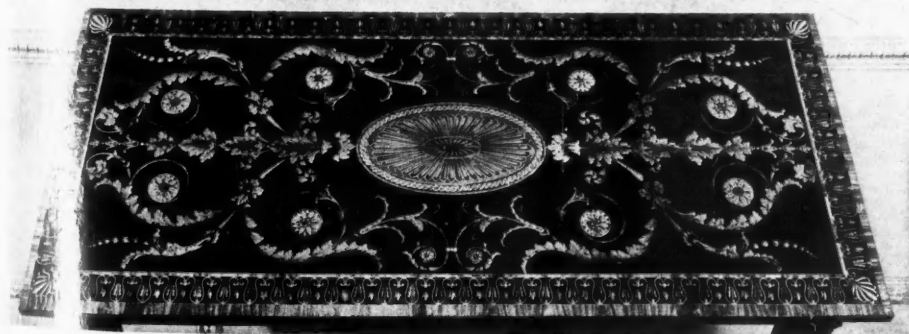
an ebony ground, are certainly from the same source, and are remarkable alike for technical brilliance and the beautiful contrast of the green stained husks and the various exotic woods of the inlay with the pale golden tone of the satinwood ground.

No drawings for furniture at Harewood by Adam survive, perhaps because, as Mr. Arthur Bolton suggests, they were sent to Chippendale's workshops and not returned, but there can be

little doubt that Adam was responsible for the design of the library table (Fig. 3) and the dining-room side-table with its accompanying urns, pedestals and wine-cooler, in which the inlay, larger in scale than on the commodes, is set off by chased mounts of a high degree of finish for English ormolu.

There are other pieces of which the design is fully consistent with Adam's responsibility, such as the pair of gilt side-tables with inlaid tops, notable for the beautiful colour of the marquetry and the masterly drawing of the foliate scrolls (Fig. 5). The satyr mask in the centre of the frieze closely corresponds with that on the wine-cooler of the sideboard set. In Chippendale's bills there are charges for sets of "Cabriolet chairs" japanned or "gilt in burnished gold," and "Barjaire" chairs of which the design accords with Adam's adaptations of French models.

Some of the bedrooms and all the reception-rooms contain specimens of japanned furniture of the kind which Chippendale had supplied to Edwin Lascelles's neighbour at Nostell Priory. There are also a number of carved mahogany wardrobes and dressing commodes of conspicuously high quality, while a bedstead painted dove grey with gilt enrichments is a rare and attractive example of the classical style.



—TOP OF INLAID SIDE-TABLE, ONE OF A PAIR. Circa 1770-75

I SOAR WITH THE GULLS

By HARALD PENROSE

THE little monoplane, its engine throttled well back, was slowly nosing into a westerly wind, when three gulls, followed within a few seconds by two more, caught my eye. Against the contrasting fresh greens of the meadows and trees, 2,000 ft. below them, the brilliant white of their plumage was vividly emphasised.

Such is the aerial perspective that, although I was 1,000 ft. above the birds, every detail of their form could be distinctly seen: each flexure of the supple wing, every turn of the head could be watched. This is because the illumination is downwards on to the feathers, and therefore far more intense than when a ground observer looks upwards and views a bird as a shadowed, indistinct mass against the brightness of the sky. Thus, everyone knows the difficulty of spotting a singing lark hovering only 300 ft. above, but often from 5,000 ft. or more I have glanced down and seen the migrant gulls of winter feeding on my home aerodrome.

The five gulls of my evening flight were soaring, and they passed, undeviatingly, under the aeroplane, almost at right angles to its course. I had closed the throttle further, as I always do when birds are spotted, so that I could watch them for the longest possible time. Their flight was so tranquil and yet so purposeful, as they drifted through the quiet air, that for a moment I speculated why and where they were journeying. With quickened interest I noted their course as they reappeared from under the port side of the fuselage, and, bending forward, I set the grid of the compass pointing along their path.

Why not go with them? Carefully I edged the monoplane in a left-handed turn, and, away to their right and still 1,000 ft. higher, I began to follow.

Glancing below, I noted that we were near the tree-fringed, long strip of Fonthill lake, half way along the Salisbury-Wincanton road. Quick though that distraction had been, when I looked ahead the gulls were lost to sight. Knowing this always happens on such occasions if one looks away, I resignedly began to bank round to my original course, but, before the nose had swung round the horizon more than ten degrees, two of the gulls—or two new ones—came into view. On unbeating wing they held a substantially straight course, heading towards the tall escarpments of White Sheet, on the long range of chalk hill stretching between Shaftesbury and Salisbury.

They were riding a great bubble of uprising air, typical of the weather system prevailing. An occasional very gentle, fractional flap was all they made, as if correcting a slight disturbance to their flight path. For the greater part their wings were held flexibly level, the pinion feathers retracted to form a pointed wing-tip; with wings held like this the birds would have a natural gliding angle of over 1 in 20, so that long distances would be travelled for a relatively small descent, and only a small up-current would be required to nullify the drop or even give a gain in height.

White Sheet Hill, I observed, was apparently steadily sliding away to the right, whereas before it had been almost in line with the

propeller. I throttled back almost to the stall; the proportion of side-drift due to the wind, now abeam, was a big proportion of the speed. Thus, the track of birds and aeroplane, covered relative to the ground, was slipping considerably eastward of the direction in which they pointed.

Though the machine was flying at its minimum speed of 40 miles an hour it slowly closed on the gulls. I began to wend, swinging alternately to left and right of the course, but always keeping the white cruciform of the birds in view and, lest they should be disturbed, some distance to one side.

Within a few minutes I saw the tree-clad slopes and ditches of Swallowcliffe Castle pass under, and a tall bastion of the downs was immediately ahead. The evening breeze was caught in a spur of the hill, and deflected upwards. Instantly the gulls felt the up-current, and began a left-handed circle. It became clear that one of their tenets was to take immediate advantage of all sources of altitude, since this was their potential power for distance. To get maximum rate of climb the wings of each bird were now fully extended, the emarginations of the wing-tips showing clearly. With an occasional sideways glance, the gulls circled upwards. Far below some rooks, like black arrowheads, were sailing backwards and forwards over the bastion.

The circuits drifted slowly down-wind, the breeze eventually carrying the birds across the indented, rolling down-ridge. The flight-path changed to an extended spiral, one gull leading the other by a few yards, and then straightened to the old course. Cautiously I dropped to the birds' level, keeping perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. They were now at 2,600 ft.

Where should we finish? I speculated. All that country was familiar, and so I knew we were making for the sea, somewhere between the Isle of Wight and Poole. I stared into the misted distance: yes, the waters of Poole were well to the right, and, nearer our direction, set in a silver sea, was the fore-shortened, blue diamond of the Wight.

Were we going so far? Or was it the River Avon, or Christchurch harbour? Or were we going to skirt the Needles, and then away to St. Catherine's Point in the extreme south of the island? Or perhaps the destination was farther, much farther—what if it were the coast of France?

The tumbled downs, grooved lengthways by the green valley of the Ebble, came to an end. Broad abeam to starboard were the woods of Cranborne Chase; far away on the other hand the tall spike of Salisbury Cathedral could just be seen. Ahead spread level meadows in a broad band reaching to the brown of the New Forest heaths.

I stole a glance at the compass and saw that its needle was still about on the course that had been first set. The drift of the aeroplane had, however, been enormous, for I had expected we should barely pass the fringe of the Forest, yet now we were slowly creeping directly towards it. The dashboard clock showed that 20 minutes had gone.

Once again attention diverted from the birds was nearly fatal. For a few minutes I could not find them. Then, suddenly, two white specks showed, well away to port and much lower than before. Now and again the gulls gave a definite flap or two and then returned to soaring. I shut the throttle and dropped 800 ft. to their level. Very slowly they continued losing height.

The winding Avon, sometimes bright, sometimes green with reflections, spread across the course. In a few moments we were above the little town of Fordingbridge on its banks. Just in time, I saw the two gulls begin to circle above the church. Round and round they went, left-handed again. I drew away, half expecting to see them skim down to the water. But no; slowly they made a few feet altitude. Another and another circuit, and steadily they went higher and higher. Then for a minute or two they stopped circling, first soared, and then flapped as they followed the course of the river southward, making nearly a right angle to the general direction they had maintained so long.

A mile or more of this and they resumed the circling, but still flapping: a moment later the wing-beats diminished until they were once more soaring. I lost them momentarily as they tilted against the sky-line, but, on climbing and circling the hill-face above which they were flying, I picked them up once more. I stole a rapid



A FINE STUDY OF A BLACK-HEADED GULL IN WINTER PLUMAGE

glance at the altimeter—nearly 2,000 ft.

The gulls straightened out and set off, wings again flexed to points, diagonally across the chequered reds and greens of the New Forest heaths and woods. They were almost on the original course, and travelling fast.

Beyond the hazy disc of the propeller the Isle of Wight showed its distinctive form of hills and cliffs. Alum Bay glowed in the low sun, and the 700-ft. ridge of Brightstone Down stood dominant above the water meadows of the Yarmouth inlet and Shalfleet creek. The Solent was a sparkling blue that seemed barely wide enough to be an arm of the sea. I stared ahead and then at the two gulls. Was it the Hampshire or the island shore to which they were making?

Nearly 30 miles gone, and almost dead below I recognised the intersecting main roads of the Forest where they meet at Lyr dhurst. I glanced at the little cars sliding along the blue roads, and then again at the houses, the trees and the heath. Surely we were much lower, or was it that the ground was higher there?

We had dropped: the altimeter needle trembled now just above the 1,000-ft. mark. Imperceptibly the gulls must have been gliding down 1,000 ft. in the six miles since I had last checked the altimeter: an angle of over 1 in 30. Quite possible, I mused, with a quartering wind to help them.

We were flying level again. The first bird gave a few lazy flaps. The second, somewhat higher, went on soaring. Occasionally both let their wings flex a little from the wrists as they made minute controlling movements.

The angle of drift seemed to have lessened somewhat, owing either to a slower wind speed near the ground or the dropping of the wind as the sun sank. It seemed clear that, if the gulls maintained the same ground track, we should strike the coast near the Beaulieu river: were we bound for the mud flats at its mouth? Perhaps the birds would turn towards Southampton Water, or were they going to cross to the Cowes Roads, perhaps then to fly onwards to the Continent? I looked up at the petrol gauge on the centre-section: soon it would be essential to turn back and leave my gulls.

Either the New Forest ground gave no further up-current or else, in the cooling air, a reverse change of air-motion between land and sea was beginning to take place, for now both birds began their normal, leisured flapping. We held a steady 800 ft. Every minute or so the wings were held still for a few seconds of gliding, only to revert to flapping.

Less than 10 minutes had passed when, with the general line of the sinuous Beaulieu River almost forming a continuation of our path, the wing-beats ceased. Slowly the birds lost height, at times rising or falling a little above their average slant, and first one bird and then the other would give the air a little pat with its wings. Six hundred feet—five hundred—the needle dropping towards four; I opened up the engine to draw away, for the gulls, surely, were going to land somewhere on the river. Simultaneously they began a gentle left-handed turn.

Watching closely, as my monoplane circled far outside them, I saw the gulls head back on their track and then round in a tighter circle. On arched wings they swept across the road to Brockhurst, dropping fast. Banking steadily they swung round and down.

Then at last I knew their destination: a large pond! A long strip of bare-edged water on the boundary of Beaulieu Heath was the centre of their circuit. Into wind came the couple, holding a straight line for the wider end of the water. They were certainly skimming it now, just preparatory to touching down.



A BLACK-HEADED GULL ABOUT TO ALIGHT ON ITS NEST

And then the wing of my machine obscured the view at the critical moment.

Opening up I made a climbing turn. Eight hundred feet below two white blobs marked the centre of the water. Almost regretfully I waved farewell to the gulls who had been my companions for such an absorbing 45 minutes.

STRANGE TASTES OF ANIMALS

THE recent statements in Major Jarvis's notes and in subsequent correspondence on the *beccaficos* of Cyprus, which fatten on figs and myrtles, must have surprised many readers, so some facts about the strange tastes of other birds and animals may be timely.

Æsop has often been derided for making a fox desire grapes, but in many parts of France (and elsewhere) foxes are a pest of the vineyards by reason of the toll they take of the fruit. If a fox will devour grapes in quantity, a blackcap might presumably enjoy figs and myrtleberries.

Again, dogs are obviously carnivores by nature, but there have been dogs which would be certain to steal and eat carrots straight from the ground in whatever garden they could find them, and countless dogs have enjoyed such various fruits as apples, gooseberries and blackberries—which last they will sometimes pick for themselves. Many cats like cucumber (especially cucumber rind) and some cats consume (or used to consume) with apparent pleasure a portion of olives and a ration of tomatoes.

Donkeys are notorious for their queer tastes: the extravagance of one which ate six £5 notes provoked the comment that it was "evidently a stockbroker before reincarnation." Pigs and goats which have made similar mistakes have had to die so that attempts at salvage might be made: a post-mortem proved successful in Ceylon in 1896, after a goat had devoured official documents carrying revenue stamps to the value of Rs. 650.

Many donkeys enjoy beer, and so do horses. Lady Twyford, wife of a recent Lord Mayor of London, once recalled critical droughts in Australia, when half a crown a quart was paid for indifferent water. This precious fluid the thirsty horses would not touch, but when it was made into beer they drank it and were saved from a horrible death.

As I flew home in the last rays of the sun I studied the map intermittently. Although the point from which the gulls had begun their flight could only be a matter of conjecture, it was interesting to find that the backward projection of the track might well have started from the shores of the Severn near Clevedon. If so the journey would have been some 80 miles in length, almost all of which might have been accomplished by soaring, since atmospheric conditions earlier in the day had been suitable for the formation of thermals, and the hill ranges would have augmented these up-currents. Such a distance would be covered in three hours, for a quickly sketched triangle of velocities showed that the birds had been flying at an air-speed of about 27 miles an hour.

Flights of this nature are probably very common—an effortless ambling. Nor is it any wonder that, with the unlimited space of sky as highway, with suitable nesting places everywhere, with the ideal view for sighting food, birds daily travel distances of 100 miles or so. These trips may be in any series of directions, radiating from a more or less permanent centre, or each journey may be in the same direction and so form a migratory flight, in the aggregate of considerable distance.

Perhaps the major interest in following my two gulls lay not so much in the demonstration of the specific method of soaring progress, but the lesson that, with the whole world's surface available to birds, it is wrong to take too parochial a view of their activities. It is we who lack freedom.

Teetotallers of the kind who call themselves temperance reformers have sometimes affirmed that Man is the only animal who enjoys alcoholic liquors and will drink them to excess, but the truth is that very many animals will drink themselves drunk if given the chance. Even a dog has been known to become tipsy on brandied cherries, and it is notorious that some poachers—in the slow old days before motor cars—used to take pheasants by means of raisins or grain soaked in spirit.

Numerous examples of domestic poultry, both hens and ducks, having become drunk on the waste drippings of beer and cider have been reported from time to time, and, at the other end of the animal scale, wild elephants have sometimes drunk to excess, with the most unfortunate results, from large vessels of beer prepared by African natives.

A few years ago, in a Scottish broadcast, Lord Rowallan mentioned that Highland cattle would live on "nothing but a handful of hay of very poor quality and a barrel of salt herrings." But cattle often show a curious liking for the unexpected. In the Hebrides they will eat any surplus of pickled gannets not required for human consumption, and they have been known to eat not only salmon hidden by poachers but also snared rabbits—to the disgust of legitimate rabbiters. Wild deer also have been known to eat snared rabbits; nor do they pause to kill before they begin to feed.

Bearing in mind all these and many other examples of queer or "unnatural" tastes, few of us will be inclined to stigmatise as impossible the report that, in Cyprus, the blackcap warblers grow fat on figs and myrtleberries. But it must be conceded that, to insular English ornithologists acquainted with blackcaps in this country only, the idea will seem worthy of recollection with carrot-eating by dogs and fish-eating by cows in the gallery of zoological oddities.

J. D. U. W.

RURAL NIGHT PATROL

By A POLICE-CONSTABLE

THERE is speculation as to how a village policeman spends his night patrol. Does he chase crooks and black-out offenders, or merely watch the sunset, listen to the dawn chorus and philosophize? It is a question that breeds various answers, from commonplace incident to the suggestion that the Force has its trade secrets, but the most reasonable one is that crooks and black-out offenders are part of my job; and, though a poor philosopher, I appreciate sunsets and the dawn chorus.

A village policeman is inclined to regard himself as uncrowned king of the night; at least, he did until some four years ago, when the influx of Home Guards and Civil Defence personnel set his throne rocking. Even so, I still see more of the night than anyone else in the village. For six nights every week I work a five-hour patrol, which invariably is staggered between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. I refer to night patrol—as distinct from “night duty”—simply because, being the village's only policeman, I am, virtually, always on duty.

A LOAD OF INTEREST

Although it will inevitably crop up, my police work is not in mind so much as the incidents and impressions arising from it. Contrary to general opinion, there is a load of interest crowded on my night beat. What, for instance, prompted the corporal to buy that extra drink, then try to carry a full pint glass round to his chum on guard duty at the Old Manor House? Why does the old gentleman at No. 10, a sleepless lumbago victim, find so much relief in his potterings to the seat on the green for a chat with me during the small hours?

First of all, my cottage is the village police station; it has no cells or office, but it's still the village police station. Should the telephone ring a few minutes before I am due on patrol, I have to bring out my notebook, perhaps to record a message from the section sergeant concerning persons wanted for recent offences; or it may even be my colleague in the next village, reporting that a cycle has just been “borrowed” from his beat and that the rider is believed to be heading in my direction.

Prevention and detection of crime are the primary objects of every policeman, so I have to gather, discreetly, as much local “knowledge” as possible. Innocent, casual remarks dropped here and there may easily lead to an arrest. In fact, a certain 10 minutes on night patrol are invaluable; tongues are friskier than usual when they leave the public house of an evening.

INVISIBLE MAN

One night, however, the laugh was on me. Shortly after white leggings were introduced to our Force as a black-out safety precaution, I stood outside the “local” at closing time, angling for news on the activities of a chicken thief. Well back against a tree trunk, I would never have been spotted were it not for the villagers already being familiar with my white leggings.

“Look!” said one. “The man with ghost legs!”

“No,” said another, “the invisible man with his pants on!”

The worst was to come. Soon afterwards old George, the blacksmith, appeared. George is something of a local character in his way; he enjoys a pint of beer, too.

It was fairly dark, yet there could be no mistaking the clay pipe that sprouted from a walrus moustache. George had with him a friend from London, who was down for the week-end, visiting an evacuee family.

“What's them two white fings standin' there, then?” George's friend asked.

Old George, of course, ought to have known all about the two white things, but somehow I suspected he was after a lark.

“I dunno what 'tis,” he said. “Lessave a look at 'em.”

His friend stopped abruptly within a yard of me: “Gaw, blimey—a copper! I fought you was a gate-post.”

George confirmed my suspicions with a gurgling chuckle: “Ah, 'course I knowed what 'twas.” Then, after mild reproach from his friend, he puffed a thick cloud: “But 'course, I allus reckons t'ave me extra pint or two Saturday nights.”

THE MISSING REAR-LAMP

With traffic vastly reduced these days, opinions differ as to whether a country policeman should report cyclists for riding without lights. A mean, petty trick, I've heard it called. People are apt to forget that, apart from the legal aspect, there are circumstances that cry out for a summons.

Take, for example, one evening last winter. I was riding along, when a cycle lamp to the rear found my white leggings. It gradually drew



ON PATROL WITH SULTAN

nearer, then, instead of overtaking, kept a short distance behind. This is an old dodge; a black-out cyclist afraid to overtake a policeman usually has a very sound reason.

I rode slower. He rode slower, and now was almost abreast. Before he thought of jumping off, I pulled up suddenly so that he had to ride past.

“Hi, just a minute! Where's your rear-light?”

He shot away at terrific speed. By the time I'd caught him I was out of breath and, I might say, a bit out of patience. He offered the hackneyed excuse.

“I never heard you shout, honest I didn't.”

On the back of his cycle there was no lamp.

“It was knocked off against the shed door as I left home,” he told me.

I asked for the truth but, to my growing annoyance, he stuck to his shed door theory. Not until I had told him that he would be reported for a summons did he admit, obviously in hope of mitigation, there was never a rear-light on the cycle. It was too late then.

CYCLIST GHOST

On another occasion, too, the laugh has been on me. One night I saw a cycle light coming along, and the rider was chattering away, presumably to a friend who had no light. About to stop them, I experienced a ghost-like shock; the lightless cyclist vanished in the

night air while his friend rode past alone—still talking excitedly to himself.

Another evening, when this incident was still fresh in my mind, I could distinctly hear two voices, those of a man and a woman. “Here's game,” I thought, stepping into the road to stop them. A moment later I felt worse than the man who counted 12 chickens from six eggs.

In reply to my query about the light, the man on the tandem remarked, quite obligingly, “It's on, officer,” and rode away as though he had just received a month's instruction in the art of humiliating the police force.

People have said that they envy me my summer night patrols; they think of winter, and shudder. I am not at all sure; do genuine country lovers shudder at the thought of slight physical discomfort? Naturally, summer working conditions are more agreeable, as also, in many ways, are their associations. I work with evening sun as it reddens behind the copse, its thin rays through the leaves speckling the lane with shade; I pass a couple, all coy and sniggering, on a stile.

BILLY'S BATHE

Double summer time, frowned on by certain country workers, offers me a greater variety of human interest, for while the villagers are abroad there's usually a job of some description. Although it is only the anxious mother reporting at 10 p.m. that young Billy went out soon after tea and hasn't been home since, it is human and, from a police viewpoint, interesting. I happen to know that Billy is fond of swimming, that the lady in the thatched cottage by the river has complained recently of “juvenile rabble” disturbing her fishing rights, long after her children's bed-time. I advise Billy's mother to go down to the river, and if he is not there to come back for further assistance. I do not see her again that night, but in the morning I have a gentle word with Billy.

Now try to picture a real winter's beat, where the sunset is five or six hours past and the dawn chorus four months ahead. True, human interest is comparatively lacking, but to me the countryside is alert as ever. I remember, very clearly, trudging a 10-3 patrol through the deep snow we had in the winter of 1941-2. As usual, I was with the partner I can always rely on; Sultan, my Alsatian, is not on the strength, not even officially police-trained, yet whatever the season he keeps me vigilant company on late night patrols. He gets childish delight from snow, possibly because we have to cover our beat on foot, thus giving wider scope to his many sniffings and prying.

We are just starting that 10-3 patrol. To warm ourselves up we set off at a brisk pace and find the day's snow, churned by recent traffic, frozen in ragged lumps that crunch under us. In the shelter three passengers are clicking heels, waiting impatiently for the last bus into town; it is already 20 minutes late. Soon headlights rounding the bend pick out snowflakes, half melted then frozen on my cape, so that it glistens with thousands of tiny specks. A black-out-weary driver lurches his bus to second gear, jerking the passengers backwards in their seats; through blurred windows and a dull fug of tobacco smoke they seem fantastic for a moment, rather like a stupid drunken crowd who, by some pre-arranged plan, are all hiccoughing together.

SNOW-DRIFTS

As I watch the bus go, Sultan looks up enquiringly, as if he, too, understands there will be no more cheery words from the shelter: “Rough night for you, constable.” They are a help these nights, perhaps more than people realise, though I never agree it is rough. “Not so bad when you're used to it.” I like everyone to know that country policemen, and their dogs, are hardened weather veterans.

In the lanes where there has been scarcely any traffic, unbroken drifts check our progress.

Behind the school I bump into a children's snowman, invisible against its white background. How youngsters love snow! Firs round the playing-field are drooping, depressed by their winter blanket, while occasional gusts flick their branches, sprinkling the undergrowth with a soft rustle.

About 1 a.m. we arrive at the Observer post. Joe, the market-gardener, is in bed to-night and tells us a cup of tea is on the way. Presently several 'planes rumble overhead towards the coast. Joe, taking his coffee off to blow in them, announces that our 'planes are "having a party" over Cherbourg way; he drops a saccharine tablet into my tea, then yields the remainder of his sandwich to an impatient whine from Sultan.

Back on the main road I notice a dim chink of light from the cowsheds across the field. Farmer Jackson works all hours; but I have never been able to explain his periodic lapses during black-out, especially after those incendiaries near the hayricks. Last spring I found a bonfire in his garden, long after dark. I felt sorry, for I knew what a keen gardener he was. Besides, why shatter the evening's victory digging by getting up at midnight only to walk down the garden with a bucket of water!

I must apologise for allowing Farmer Jackson to interrupt that 10-3 patrol; police work, as I said, will inevitably crop up. In any case, my attempted description was little more than a banal sketch; and no doubt there is still

speculation as to what I do on such patrols between leaving the bus-stop and arriving at the Observer Corps. Yes, but that's where philosophy comes in, even poor philosophy.

Did philosophy give that winter's snow the laugh on me, or was I merely victimised by a freak of weather? After a week's foot-slogging the sight of a tarmac road was so welcome that, when a few heavy raindrops fell about six o'clock one morning, I completely overlooked the possibility of their freezing. I pedalled on.

Luckily no one saw me; and Sultan, of course, would not mention it to a soul. There is nothing more undignified and comical than a policeman skating the road on hind quarters.

THE GREAT APES

By FRANCES PITT

THE great apes, that is the gorilla, orang-utan and chimpanzee, have ever had peculiar fascination for us, partly because of all the animal kingdom they have greatest affinity with man, and partly owing to their personal characteristics. Yet compared with many animals they have been comparatively little studied, a fact due to the difficulties of observing them in their African and East Indian homes, and the yet greater difficulties of keeping them happy and healthy in any form of captivity that allows their natural dispositions and abilities to develop normally.

The gorilla and orang-utan are especially difficult to keep; the chimpanzee is more manageable, more friendly and more easily studied. It is particularly suitable for investigations into problems of animal intelligence, and it was just before the last Great War that Professor Köhler established an Anthropoid Station in Tenerife to study the mind of this ape with a view to ascertaining the degree of relationship between the great apes and man in this field. The question he tried to answer was: do we find in the ape rational behaviour akin to that of man?

A variety of interesting experiments were undertaken, including the use of implements and the making of implements. The chimpanzees were found to vary greatly in their abilities; some were definitely stupid and others by comparison seemed geniuses. In the latter class was Grande, who in order to reach food suspended from the roof of her enclosure piled four boxes one on the top of another, mounted the structure and obtained it; also Sultan who combined two short sticks to make one long stick. Food was put down outside his cage and beyond his reach. He tried to rake it nearer the bars with a hollow rod but the stick was too short. After many attempts and failures he seized a second and smaller rod and inserted it in the hollow end of number one, thus making a rod of the required length and obtaining the dainty.

The experimenters were, however, troubled by ill-health among the chimpanzees; many of their most gifted subjects died young, the victims of diseases contracted during sojourns in various places and under various conditions before they came to Tenerife. If only they could have started with sound stock they might have achieved yet more striking results, as is shown in the lately published book, *Chimpanzees: A Laboratory Colony*, by Robert M. Yerkes, in which the author tells us of the difficulties of obtaining sound, healthy animals, of his success in doing so, and his remarkable work in establishing at

Orange Park, Florida, a Laboratory of Primate Biology.

In this latest book from his pen Professor Yerkes has summed up his life-long study of the chimpanzee and tells us about it from birth to maturity, with fullest details of its behaviour in practically all circumstances. He stresses its social character, pointing out that a chimpanzee kept in solitary confinement is hardly a chimpanzee at all. With regard to this he emphasises the value of observations on chimpanzee behaviour as a help in the understanding of problems of human biology, "for example of the drive for social superiority, dominance, and leadership; of the relations of the sexes, with behavioural evidences of 'right,' 'privilege,' 'conscience'; of the appearance and development of customs; of the evidences of primitive forms of social service, social dependence and awareness, sympathy and attachment, as observable in chimpanzees."

Perhaps one of the most striking experiments undertaken on chimpanzees is that quoted by Professor Yerkes from J. B. Wolfe's work on the use of token-rewards for these animals, for it has bearing on the origin of the use of money by the human race. The apes

were taught to do certain tricks for a reward of food, then coloured chips were substituted, which chips were later exchanged for food. J. T. Cowles, carrying on these experiments, found that "chimpanzees readily performed work to obtain discs which were immediately exchangeable for food. They continued to work even when they were not allowed to make the exchange for food until after a group of tokens had been secured. With certain training, they consistently worked for groups of 10 to 30 tokens before exchange."

Then we read that the animals learnt to differentiate between differently coloured tokens with which they could buy food and with which they could not do so. They would work hard for the good food tokens but not for the worthless ones.

In view of intelligent behaviour of this type it is remarkable that the chimpanzee has so little linguistic ability, and no ability at all to pick up human speech. Two cases are mentioned of young chimpanzees being brought up with human children, the most striking being that of a male kept from birth for two and a half years in company with two children and two grown-up persons, but in neither case did the ape attempt to imitate human speech or show any indication of learning human language; nevertheless both these chimpanzees responded to a number of vocal commands, evidently understanding the speaker's meaning.

It is interesting to speculate not only on the limiting effect of the absence of vocal language but on what the chimpanzee might be able to achieve if it had one. Were we limited to communication by means of gesture and a few elementary sounds we should not get far; indeed it is possible we should still be at a primitive stage of development not so far above that reached by the great apes. In summing up his estimate of the chimpanzee Professor Yerkes first quotes Köhler's general conclusion that "chimpanzees manifest intelligent behaviour of the general kind familiar in human beings," and then goes on to point out that although we are immeasurably in advance of the chimpanzee, having advanced far along a road on which the ape is at the beginning, we can gather a vast amount of helpful information from it. It is a reasonable hope, he adds, that the "psycho-biologist, sociologist, educator, may discover in the great apes sources of unexpected 'enlightenment'" on the problems of humanity. Anyhow it is certain that much valuable work is being carried out by Professor Yerkes, his colleagues, and last if not least their chimpanzee helpers, in the Yale Laboratories. It is to be hoped we shall hear yet more of the chimpanzee colony.



CHIMPANZEE AGED SEVEN MONTHS

From *Chimpanzees: A Laboratory Colony* (Yale and Oxford University Press)

FORECASTING THE WEATHER

By C. S. BAILEY



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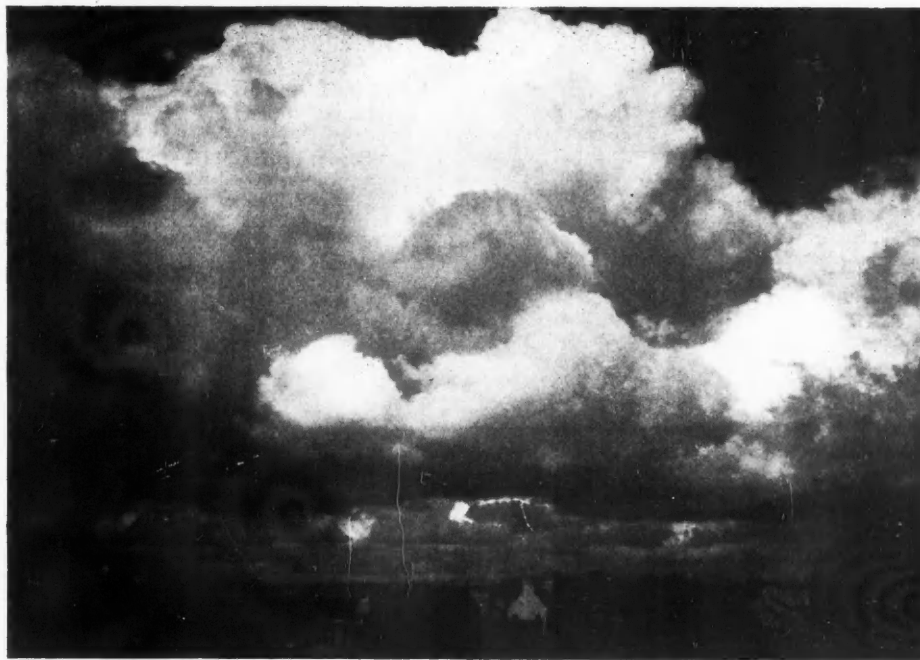


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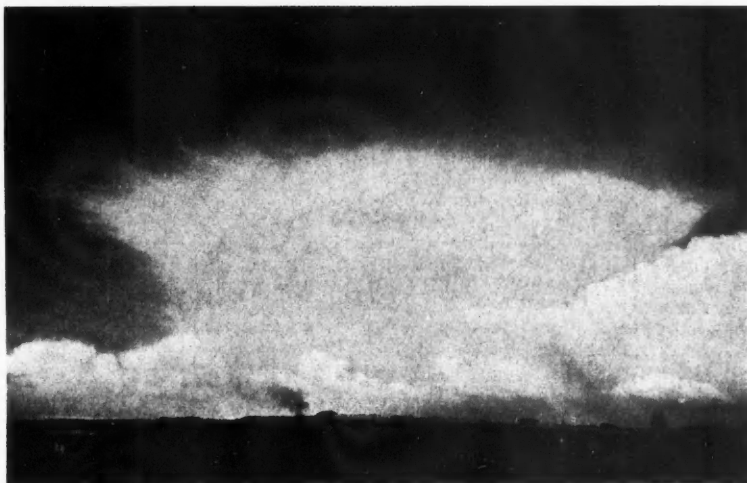
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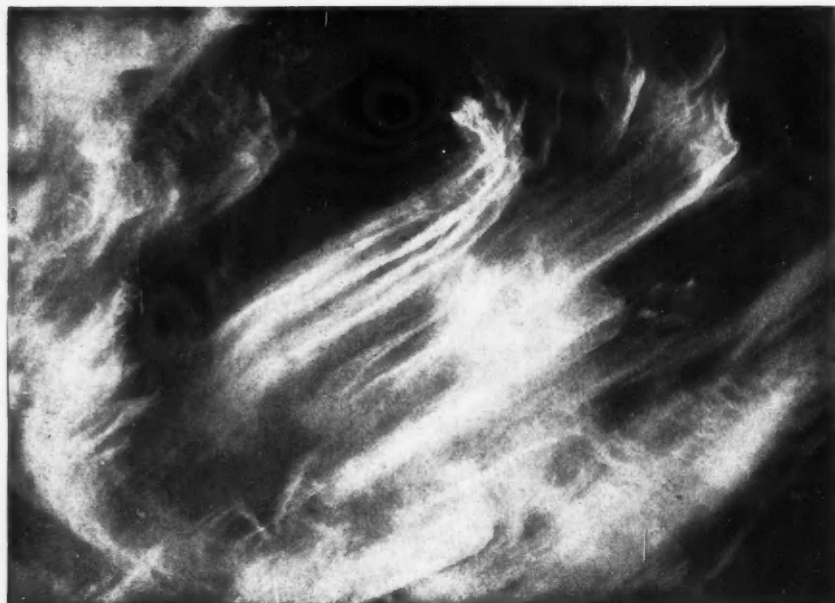
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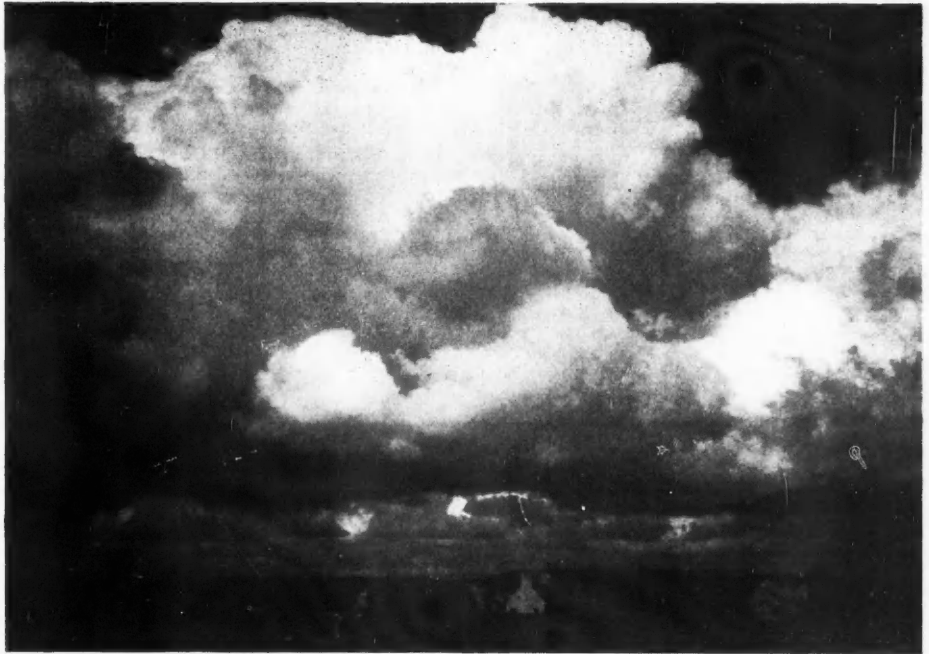


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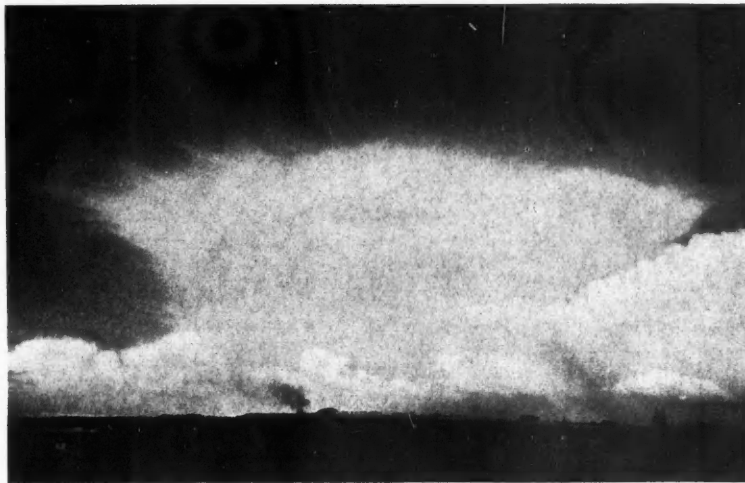
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FAMOUS ATHLETES IN THE FORCES

WHEN the first Great War came in 1914 most of the foremost British athletes answered the call. Of those who came back a number are serving in the second Great War, and with their sons as comrades in arms. Of such partnerships the two that come most readily to mind are Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Hunter, the British Olympic secretary, and his son, Captain Alan Hunter, British Empire 440-yds. hurdles champion in 1934, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. M. Webster, twice English javelin-throwing champion, and his son, Captain F. R. Webster, R.A., who gained his first international at 17 years of age, was four times English indoor pole-vault champion and twice won the open title, each time with a new English record; apart from which he made an English decathlon record in 1936 and is Army pole-vault record-holder.

Perhaps the most famous Regular soldiers, now serving, who were also fine athletes, are General Alexander and Major-General F. A. M. Browning. Both fell a fraction short of championship honours, but Alexander was a fine half-miler, just before the last war, and, after it, "Boy" Browning became perhaps one of the finest technical stylists over high hurdles this country has yet produced. He just failed to get into the British athletic team for the Olympic Games but gained representative honours in the Olympic bobsleigh contest in 1924.

SPRINTERS

Owing to the recognised versatility of British athletes, it is somewhat difficult to divide those now serving into generic categories.

Of the sprinters, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Porritt, O.U.A.C., who ran third in the Olympic 100 metres in 1924, had charge of a field ambulance in France before the Dunkirk evacuation, and C.S.M.I. Holmes, who won English titles, is serving with the Army Physical Training Corps. Captain Alan Pennington, who was on the way to developing into a better quarter-miler than sprinter when the war came, is also attached to the A.P.T.C. Another who combined the sprint with the quarter-mile is Eric Liddell, Olympic 400 metres champion and world's record-holder 1924, who was also many times capped for Scotland as a Rugby three-quarter. He is a prisoner in Japanese hands.

Guy Butler, C.U.A.C., former 300-yds. world record-holder and English champion, became attached to the Military Police. One remembers that in Paris in 1924 Butler finished third in the fastest 400 metres ever run up to that time. One remembers, also, Butler's epic struggles with Major B. G. D. Rudd, M.C., of Oxford, in the inter-varsity sports, and Rudd's great 400 metres Olympic win in 1920. Rudd is another old soldier who is back on service. Major Brian McCabe, L.A.C., who ran as plucky a race as has ever been seen in the Olympic Games, 1936, was recently awarded the M.C.

QUARTER-MILERS

Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. D. Anderson, C.U.A.C., who won both the D.S.O. and M.C. in the last war, is another famous quarter- and half-miler who is back on service. D. L. Rathbone, who won the Inter-Varsity quarter-mile for Cambridge in 1934, is also serving. Tom Hampson, who won the Olympic 800 metres at Los Angeles in 1932, in world record time, joined the R.A.F. Of famous Army quarter-milers Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. C. Ward, 43rd Light Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. Willoughby, the Middlesex Regiment, who won the Army title in 1939, are commanding battalions. Major Geoffrey Rampling, R.A., the greatest of English quarter-milers, is a "gun-buster."

Of great British milers one thinks first of a couple of world record-breakers. They are Major J. E. Lovelock, O.U.A.C., who broke the world record when, at Berlin in 1936, he won one of the most astoundingly clever 1,500-metres races ever witnessed (he is attached to the Army School of Physical Training as a physical medicine specialist), and Lance-Corporal Sidney Wooderson, of the Pioneer Corps, who reduced

the world one-mile to the present official figure of 4 mins. 6.6 secs.

There is welcome news, too, of Major Henry Stallard, R.A.M.C., the old C.U.A.C. President, who achieved the unique feat of first forcing Albert Hill to break the British record in winning the English championship mile in 1921 and then, in three successive years, himself carried off the English titles at one mile, 880 yds. and 440 yds. in that order. Stallard was always a great-hearted runner and has recently delighted his friends by crediting his side with a win in the Middle East, when, in the course of his 880 yds. leg of a relay race, he confidently cleared off a deficit of a good 60 yds.

Among the longer-distance runners now serving one notes that Peter Ward is with the Royal Regiment. He broke the British three-miles record and, after finishing second for Cambridge in the three miles in 1934 and also running in the cross-country race, won the three miles against Oxford in 1935. C. Griffiths, who ran so well for Great Britain in a series of steeplechases during the Scandinavian tour of 1938, is serving with the Army Physical Training Corps.

BROTHERS' ACHIEVEMENT

A special word must be said regarding E. A. Montague, who won the cross-country race against Cambridge for Oxford in 1919 and 1920 and the three miles in 1920 and 1921. He also represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games and was in France before Dunkirk and in North Africa later as correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*. E. A. and his brother, F. A., provide, I believe, the only instance of two brothers both winning the famous Crick Run at Rugby.

Of the hurdlers, Alan Hunter, who was just about as good at 440 yds. on the flat as over the sticks, has already been mentioned. Another great figure over low hurdles at Cambridge and in the Olympic and Empire Games was Lieutenant-Colonel Wilfrid Tatham, who was awarded the M.C. in the last war and was, when I last heard of him, a prisoner of war in Italy. Curiously enough it was as a miler that he made his name at Cambridge, 1920-22, when he twice ran second in the inter-varsity mile.

Of a more recent vintage are the two young Oxonians F. V. Scopes, who served as a gunner, but was taken out for work of a special nature overseas, and Captain Peter Knight, K.R.R.C., who received a staff appointment. Old Army rivals are Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey White, who equalled the Army high hurdles record in 1939, and Captain Geoffrey Dyson, K.A.R., who was a grand stylist, but just a shade too short in the legs to hold White in their last great race in the 1939 Army championship.

I suppose, however, that the real king of English hurdlers must be Squadron Leader D. O. Finlay, R.A.F., who still finds time to hurdle occasionally and has also been decorated for gallantry on flying duties during this war. Finlay was many times English, R.A.F. and inter-Services champion, and, if my recollection serves me, finished third in the Olympic Games in 1932 and was second to the world record-holder in 1936.

GREAT ALL-ROUNDERS

We have had, too, some great all-rounders, all of whom are serving on the fighting fronts. F. R. Webster, already mentioned, came through Dunkirk and was then in the North African battles. He gained every honour it is possible for an English athlete to win and also represented his country and the British Empire continuously from 1933 to 1939. Tom Lockton, who broke Webster's English decathlon record just before the war, was, I hear, seriously wounded, while Jack Horsfall, C.U.A.C., who was always pretty well up to international standard in the sprints, 440 yds., long jump and 220 yds. hurdles was, I believe, in Libya.

The greatest of all our all-rounders must surely be R. M. N. Tisdall, C.U.A.C. Representing Cambridge against Oxford, he won the low hurdles and was second in the weight in 1929; in 1930 he won both the high and low

hurdles and also the weight, and, in 1931, when he became C.U.A.C. President, achieved the extraordinary feat of winning the high hurdles, weight, long jump and 440 yds. all in one afternoon. In the following year he won the Olympic 400 metres hurdles and was only denied a world record by reason of the fact that he knocked over the last hurdle. When I last heard of him, Bob Tisdall was in the thick of the fighting with South African Forces in Libya.

Another Oxford hurdler is Lieutenant-Colonel R. St. G. T. Harper, R.A., who ran against Cambridge in both the high and low hurdles 1927-29 and also represented Great Britain in the 1932 Olympic Games.

A FAMOUS FAMILY

The famous Molls of Bedford School must also be mentioned. T. P., who was second in the high jump against Oxford 1929-31 and also gained a blue for the long jump, is a Captain R. A. serving in Ceylon. Captain G. M. Moll has been invalided out of the Army, Captain J. S. Moll was killed in 1942, and Eric is serving with the Indian Army. G. M. Moll made a Public Schools high jump record of 5 ft. 11¼ ins. at 17 years of age, and he and his brother J. S. either won or gained places in the Public Schools high jump, discus and javelin-throwing and weight-putting championships.

Of field-events men the outstanding is Col. Jock Hartley, Inspector of Army Grounds and Director of the Army Sport Control Board. He represented Cambridge in the hammer 1899-1901, was awarded a Rugby blue and also represented England as a Rugby forward. Army sport owes a great debt to "Jock's" genial personality and sound common sense. Outstanding examples of other strong men who put the weight and hurl the discus are Major Peter Kealey, Army champion and record-holder, R. L. Howland and D. R. "Fenner" Bell. Both the last-named gained many international honours and shot and discus records respectively.

TEACHER OF ICELANDERS

"Bonzo" Howland, who joined the R.A.F., represented Cambridge in the weight 1925-28, winning in the last three years besides establishing English indoor and outdoor records. Of Captain D. R. Bell it is said that when his regiment arrived in Iceland, he entirely educated the natives in athletics. Reval-Carter, L.A.C., who was beaten for the English discus championship in 1936 by less than an inch and subsequently represented us at the Games, was shot down on an R.A.F. raid and is a prisoner of war in Germany.

Major K. S. Duncan, R.A., was a good sprinter, but a better long jumper, although he represented Great Britain in both events. He was President O.U.A.C. and captain of Association football. In 1932 he won the long jump against Cambridge, was second in the next two years, and, in 1935, won both the 100 yds. and long jump.

Of former Public Schools high jump champions, Harry Simmons, who cleared 6 ft. 3 ins. in the Olympic Games while still a schoolboy, joined the R.A.F., and A. A. Gold, who looked like going to maximum heights when the war broke out became an instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps.

The great British pole-vaulters, except the record-holder, F. R. Webster, are all in the R.A.F. They are Howard Ford, P. B. 3. Ogilvie, B. Babington-Smith and, I think, W. L. H. Thring. The first three were among the first British athletes to clear 12 ft., Webster going on to beat 13 ft. in the Games and again on tour with the Oxford and Cambridge team in U.S.A. Pat Ogilvie has been twice decorated in this war for gallantry on flying duties.

In the R.A.F. is also A. de V. Leach, who has fully maintained the reputation as a pole-vaulter with which he came from South Africa.

There are, of course, many other famous athletes serving of whom one does not happen to have heard, but enough has been said to show clearly that the very cream of our track and field athletes are playing their part to the full in the war.

HIPPOMENES.

BUNKERLESS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

It is a belief universally accepted, though possibly in some instances open to doubt, that you can have too much of a good thing. It is at least incontestable about the good things: bunkers and heather. I once drove in a cab from a golf course with an agreeable stranger. After the rest of the party had aired their views, rather pedantically perhaps, on certain holes, he remarked: "I have lately been playing on the ideal course. It has no rough whatever." His smile forbade us to take his words quite seriously, and a course with no rough at all, though admirably adapted as a convalescent home for drivers suffering from a temporary crookedness, might be in the long run dull. But a course with no artificial bunkers need not be in the least dull. A multiplicity of bunkers is indeed a sign of weakness, either in the ground or in the architect who used it. Nature must do something to help, but granted that she has done her part adequately, he who spots the ground thickly with bunkers has done himself little credit. The only people who like lots of bunkers are those who think that every good or bad shot must be exactly rewarded, and that is a soul-destroying doctrine. If nobody's best stroke is ever to find a bad place, the course may constitute a good examination paper but it will give no more pleasure than examinations do.

That is, however, a dangerous subject on which I might become an intolerable bore. Let me turn then to a letter I lately received from a friend, suggesting an article on holes that have no artificial bunkers or at most only one. The first hole he names is one that would come into most people's minds, the famous Dowie, which is the seventh at Hoylake. Once I could have said that it had no bunkers; now alas! that glorious statement is not true, for one was put in, which in my judgment was both useless and inartistic. However, the hole remains essentially the same, the little triangular green with a rather scrubby patch of rushes in front of it, an out-of-bounds field on the left and on the right a little grassy trench only an inch or two deep and yet with a fine capacity for turning the ball away. It sounds ugly and dull, and yet in the opinion of many good judges it is one of the great one-shot holes. When Mr. Laidlay called it "the kind of hole you might find on Clapham Common" he did it grave injustice and he may also have done injustice to Clapham Common. There was once a course there and, though I never played on it, I am quite prepared to believe that it possessed good holes. Blackheath beyond question had good holes, though old gravel-pits and intersecting roads were the only definite difficulties.

However, if I think of departed Blackheath I shall grow sentimental and irrelevant; so, back to my friend again and to the second hole he suggests, namely the third at Woking. This is a capital instance, as there is just one bunker in front of the green. True there is heather on either hand, but there is plenty of room on the fairway and it is the lone bunker that dominates the situation. How long exactly is the hole? I do not know off hand. When I first played it with a gutty it was two full shots and a pitch; then with the rubber-core I came to think of it as a drive and an iron or spoon, and now in my decrepit state it may have become two-and-a-pitch once more. Let us call it a good two-shot hole. The point of the one bunker is that it is not a big cross-bunker stretching across the whole width of the green; it is circular and comparatively small. It is possible to circumvent it from either side; it is possible to pitch over it straight for the pin—but only just over it, for you must not go too far. According to the position of the ball after the tee shot, so do the player's tactics vary and the one thing he never has is a shot without interest and without thought.

The third of his holes is again of a different type, the seventh at Brancaster. Here there is no artificial bunker of any kind, but the ground between the tee and the green is intersected by

two wide strips of marsh. To-day the long player carries the first strip with his drive and the second with his brassy. He does it in two hops; they are fine big hops and it is a fine hole, but to my mind commonplace as compared with what it was in the gutty era. Then, having carried the first strip, you had to play your second along a comparatively narrow strath with marsh on either side and hop over only with your third, and the really difficult shot was that steering one down the strath with nothing directly in the way.

The merit of having nothing in the way can no doubt be carried too far, but the odd thing is that a hole, at which it is carried to an extreme point, can be excessively difficult. My correspondent in his letter goes out of his way to have a malicious dig at the fifteenth at Woking, generally called Harley Street, which he terms one of the dullest holes he knows. I wonder what he would have said if he had known it, as I did, in its pristine and gutty state. It was then a full three-shot hole, with no trace of a hazard in the line between tee and green, with unbroken avenues of heather on either side. Certainly it was dull, but certainly also it was difficult; people could not for the life of them refrain from plunging into the heather on one side or the other. After a while a large bunker was made in the middle of the fairway to be carried with the second shot, and from that moment the hole became far easier. The bunker had given people something else to think about beyond the negative object of not getting into trouble, with the result that they did their fives when previously they had taken sevens.

His next hole is a very famous one, which has attracted vehement abuse as well as high praise, the thirteenth or Sea Hedrig at Prestwick. In this case I can be precise, for the books tell me it is 461 yds. in length. As far as I know there is no single bunker; certainly there is none of any importance; there is rough hummocky country on the left and a country of sandhills and bents on the right with plenty of room between them; the hole is made entirely

by the green and the ground round it. It is the oddest, narrowest little green, entirely eccentric in shape, with projecting nooks and corners, as it were loose ends that have never been tucked in, and the ground in front is bumpy and hummocky. Anyone who should now deliberately lay out such a hole would be certified as insane and hastily taken to an asylum lest he be lynched by infuriated members, and yet in most people's opinion it is a fine hole. It was of course designed for three shots and that is what it ought to be, since there would then be skill in manoeuvring for the best position in order to get at the little irregular "pocket-handkerchief" of a green. To-day, when players can bang their way home in two, the hole has rather an accidental character; funny, and doubtless undeserved, things may befall a ball among the guarding hummocks. Yet even so nobody would wish it changed save some groveller who is for ever pre-occupied with questions of "fairness."

Now I leave my friend's list and put in a bunkerless hole of my own choice. It has been on the tip of my pen since I began and I am fully conscious of having written of it before; the fifth at Worlington, the most frightening one-shotter in golf, and let the supporters of the High Hole at St. Andrews rage furiously together and say what they please! Here again the hole is made by the shape of the green, which is narrow and hog-backed, with a considerable drop on either hand into rough, but not ferociously rough grass. There is nothing else, save a stream on the right which only affects a scandalously bad shot, and yet to put the ball twice on that green in one round (it is a nine-hole course) is to strike the stars. It is so narrow and so curly and so fast (when Mr. "Boxer" Cannon has had the mowing machine as he likes it) that it is perfectly possible to play a nightmare game of ping-pong across it from the rough on the right to the rough on the left and then back again. It is likewise possible to putt off it into the rough, and I have with difficulty forgiven a distinguished partner who once did it to me after, to his and my intense surprise, I had landed him on the green from the tee. If anybody ever puts in a bunker at that hole—but no; there are depths of combined depravity and stupidity of which the human mind is fortunately incapable.

THE LIFE OF THE FARM

THERE was never a period when interest in the life of the farm was so widespread as to-day, nor a time when the sources of that interest, as mirrored in the lists of publishers, were so varied. Those serious-minded members of the community who are determined to face up to the problems of the post-war future find in a programme of agricultural reconstruction, based on the national and strategical aspects of nutrition, a new and essentially satisfying method of approach to the future social structure of their country.

In the books of such a man as Sir George Stapledon, who combines expert knowledge of individual agricultural problems with a vital interest in their political and social application, these seekers after truth discover wise guidance based on a solid foundation of fact. In other recent books—one thinks at once of Lord Portsmouth's most stimulating *Alternative to Death*—the attitude adopted towards the farming way of life is philosophical rather than political, discerning an almost transcendental relationship between soil, family and community. A similar gospel for the need for contact with Nature and her ways inspires many of those less ambitious authors who in the war years have gone back to, or made their first serious contact with, the life of the farm, and have written their very varied accounts of their success or failure and of the satisfactions they have obtained. They may well inspire others to go and do likewise, if not now at least when those others are free again to choose their mode of life; and for them too there is no lack of good practical books appearing now and giving sound advice on the individual problems of farming practice and routine.

In all these departments Sir George Stapledon speaks with unchallenged authority to-day, but his latest volume, *Disraeli and the New Age* (Faber, 10s. 6d.), takes him further into the realms of political and philosophical thought than its predecessors. It is a very individual book and,

in form at least, decidedly an experiment. One must not expect an historical account of Disraeli's political doctrines or a prose anthology of his more striking opinions. Sir George has come to his study of the great Victorian statesman with a fresh mind. "I found his ideas and opinions most enlightening," he tells us, "in relation to ideas that have been formulating in my mind for a great many years. I was in search of ideas to reinforce my own ponderings on human nature and on the future of England and mankind, and in the reading of Disraeli I derived just the help and stimulation that I had been looking for." Disraeli, then, has been used as a sort of catalyst to crystallise ideas of the past and the future—but they are Sir George Stapledon's ideas, not Disraeli's. It is impossible to summarise them here; they range from Time and Space to the constitution of the War Agricultural Committees. But the thread which runs through the commentary is the relation of agriculture to the life of the nation and "the character of the people, upon which in the last resort all depends." The same emphasis was to be found, it will be remembered, in Lord Portsmouth's book with its chapters on Nature, the family and the nation.

In Lady Eve Balfour's *The Living Soil* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), though the approach to the subject is also of that fundamental order which enquires into the future of the people and the race, the stress is more definitely on the physical factors, on the paramount importance to human health of soil vitality in that cycle of organic metabolism of which human life is only a part. The book, intended for both the specialist and the layman, is largely a marshalling of evidence in proof of the author's thesis and in its broad sweep has gathered a good deal of material which will undoubtedly be regarded as controversial. With its insistence on the rôle of fertility in farming, however, nobody can quarrel, nor with the emphasis on that Rule of Return which Lord Northbourne in his *Look to the Land* describes as

the essence of farming. "Only by faithfully returning to the soil in due course everything which has come from it," he says, "can fertility be made permanent."

In another category come those books we have alluded to which bring vividly before us the real life of the farm because they are true to the author's present experience and past observation. "Perhaps the greatest onus on the country writer now," says Mr. C. H. Warren in his *The Land is Yours* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.), "is the necessity to depict with all the accuracy and sensibility at his command, the whole gamut of the life and labour of the fields." To this task Mr. Warren is no stranger, and he preserves his sense of responsibility. All that is best in the English countryside can never die so long as books like Mr. Warren's can be written. His closely-observed descriptions of life in a parish of the East Anglian corn-belt is enhanced in its appeal by

Mr. Thomas Hennell's characteristic unsentimental sketches. If Fred Kitchen the farm-worker who has written *The Farming Front* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), had been one of Mr. Warren's characters one would not have been surprised, and he certainly uses his pen with uncommon skill and veracity. His narrative covers the earlier period of the war and sketches a typical cross-section of agricultural life in war-time with almost uncanny gifts of characterisation and power to tell a simple and moving story.

It is no slight to these fascinating chronicles to say that *Island Farm*, by Dr. Fraser Darling (George Bell, 15s.), or *Inland Farm*, by R. M. Lockley (Witherby, 10s.), are by their nature more romantic. All the stories about the cultivation of islands have either a Swiss Family Robinson or a Crusoe flavour and both these records of war-time farming possess an island. Mr. Lockley's pre-war concern with the Pembrokeshire island of Skokholm

is well known from his fascinating *Dream Island Days*. In his new book he comes ashore "for the duration" to a derelict farm on the mainland. The island tang is stronger therefore in Dr. Darling's account of his taking over a windswept "doom-ridden" farm on the island of Tanera off the West Highland coast. Incidentally Dr. Darling is both a skilled observer of Nature and an authority on the Highland crofting system. Nor has his pen lost its accustomed skill.

Last year's books on the more technical aspects of farming include at least one classic, for Robert Elliot's *Clifton Park System of Farming* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), though first privately issued in 1898, has been out of print for at least 30 years. Its value as a forerunner of modern doctrine with regard to grass cultivations and alternate husbandry is vouched for by Sir George Stapledon in a most interesting preface, which contains revealing references to modern neglect of some

of Elliot's teachings. Dr. H. J. Moon, the author of *Crops and Cropping* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.), is also an expert on grass-land husbandry and is now cropping officer to the West Riding W.A.E.C. His book has no "doctrinal" bias but treats the subject comprehensively, clearly and simply with a wealth of practical illustration. From an instructor's point of view its wealth of photographs could hardly be bettered.

An equally practical treatment of another side of the farmer's life is to be found in *The Farmer's Animals* (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d.). Its author, Mr. Frank Garner, is the East Suffolk county organiser and has compressed within the limits of a small and attractive volume sufficient facts—simply and straightforwardly told—to provide a good groundwork either for the young farmer or the non-agricultural reader who would like to be better informed.

CORRESPONDENCE

STARLING EVOLUTIONS

SIR,—As a supplement to the very interesting description of starling evolutions from Lord Henley in *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 3, I might note the manoeuvres of the flocks which used to congregate in September in a west of Scotland village where I lived some years ago. They assembled in the morning on my own and the three neighbouring houses, posting themselves with almost perfect regularity along the roof peaks, and the top of each chimney was encircled in the same way. It gave the houses the curious appearance of being fringed with birds. Soon, as if the movement had been previously arranged, they rose with a great rushing noise, swept across a field to a solitary tree which stood about 400 yds. away, and, alighting upon it, changed its colour at once from green to almost black. Up to this point the birds had been silent, but every one was now using its vocal powers to the utmost, and the tree seemed to pour forth sound.

Then suddenly, with a great final shriek, and a loud whirring of wings, the tree seemed to explode into a thousand fragments, which expanded to a large cloud, and swept over the field again, back to the houses, where the birds once more arranged themselves in regular order around the chimney-tops and along the roof-peaks. These manoeuvres were always repeated several times, and were most fascinating to watch.

Another interesting evolution characteristic of the starling, in winter and early spring, is carried out when feeding. A large flock will alight and search the grass for insects, marching steadily forward the while. Then suddenly and simultaneously, the whole flock will rise, fly for a short distance, wheel round and alight again, facing the opposite way from formerly. Instantly they start feeding as before, until impatience seems to seize them again, and the manoeuvre is repeated.

As spring advances, these great flocks break up, and domestic duties engage the attention of the birds throughout the summer, after which they again congregate for these autumn evolutions.—J. C., *Milngavie, Dumbartonshire*.

BUILDING POLICY

SIR,—Under the heading of *Building Policy* in *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 17, it is suggested that what is required from the building industry is the production of "four to five million permanent houses in a year or two of the war's end."

The reply given during December

by the Minister of Health on the number of houses required explains for the first time how the Government has reached the figure of the probable housing need. This is generally accepted to be three to four million houses during the first 10 to 12 years of the peace. The Minister of Health has explained that 1½ to 2½ million dwellings are required to replace slum dwellings. This includes dwellings now in a poor condition, or grossly deficient in modern amenities. In addition the estimate includes 1½ million dwellings required to give every family a separate dwelling and so to eliminate overcrowding.

This reply has escaped general notice, but it is very significant that the post-war housing campaign will in short be a continuation of the pre-war campaign against slums and overcrowding. It is good to know officially that compared with these figures of

is a home-made fountain consisting of a single thin pipe set upright in a square of stonework, so that it diffuses a fine spray of water.

In some mysterious way the water in the pipe continued to flow unfrozen while this iceberg was built up.

Perhaps one of your readers can explain this unnatural phenomenon.—CATHERINE M. CLARK, *Fayrer Holme, Windermere*.

EYES IN THE DARK

SIR,—Fixing a light to the forehead when going out shooting at night in order to see shining eyes of animals is a common practice in parts of Africa. When in West Africa a few years ago I knew and saw a good deal of the practice. It was frowned on in the British colonies as being dangerous. Also perhaps it was such a convenient way among the natives of getting rid,

appear. He was very keen to go out after dinner, so his host fitted him up complete with headlight and a gun loaded with slugs. He was told to drive his old car about a mile along the road running through the forest, pull up and make a round in the forest. After half an hour, during which his excitement increased, he came out on to the road again, evidence of that common human failing of walking in a circle. He looked cautiously to left and then to the right. There, to his amazement, were two shining eyes. He got out on to the road, advanced cautiously up it, could restrain himself no longer, whipped up the gun and fired. He heard a crash and the eyes disappeared. He ran up the road. He had put both barrels into the car's headlights.

To get back to the shining eyes, I have sat up in a machan fixed in a tree on numberless occasions in India and can vouch for it that one sees the eyes of animals without the assistance of reflected light. To give one instance: I sat up over a young dead buffalo in a tree on the edge of a dried-up stream which contained only a few pools at intervals. It was the hot-weather season in the Central Provinces. Either a tiger or a leopard might appear. The local officer had told me that he had had kills of his eaten on several occasions by an old female hyena. I heard the tiger mewling about half a mile away, but he never appeared. I was convinced at one time that the leopard was close behind me—but he was too wary. The moonlight had gone off the kill though the nullah and forest tops on the other side were still flooded with a lovely light. I heard the faintest sound upstream in the forest on the far side. I watched.

After some time I suddenly saw the pair of bright stars I had come to know so well. They were in the black forest close to its edge. They disappeared only to reappear nearer—no light, reflected or otherwise, there. It was ages before the hyena came out into the river bed. The shine of the eyes was dimmer in the moonlight. I watched that hyena for 1½ hours and saw her in a variety of different spots, but the gleaming eyes were always most intense when she had retired to some dark patch of forest. It was only after the lapse of 1½ hours that the animal actually got on to the kill, and then only took three hurried mouthfuls and off back into the forest. Cunning the hyena may be—but above all, the most cowardly of all the denizens of the forest lands.—E. P. STEBBING, *Romden Castle, Kent*.

SIR,—Major Jarvis opens up a very interesting discussion when he raises the question of the eyes of animals



A GARDEN ORNAMENT BY JACK FROST

See letter: *The Frost and a Fountain*

dwellings required for replacing slums and giving separate homes, the number of houses actually destroyed or damaged beyond repair by enemy action is "not material."—B. S. TOWNROE, *Maresfield, Yateley, Camberley, Surrey*.

THE FROST AND A FOUNTAIN

SIR,—This garden ornament was formed during one night of exceptionally hard frost in 1940. Underneath

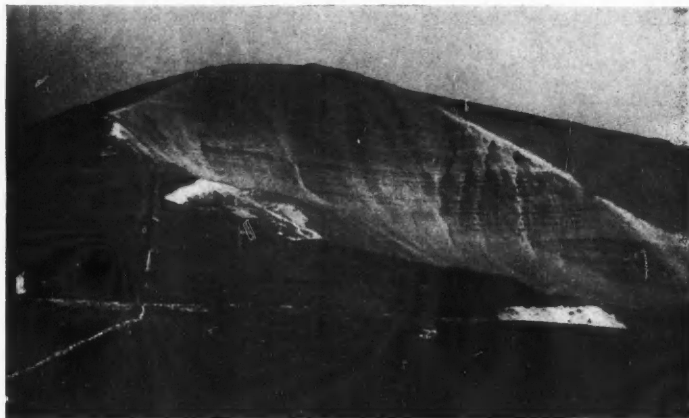
by accident, of an unwanted wife, an ancient burdensome relative, or an enemy. During a sojourn in the Ivory Coast I discovered that the French were very partial to the method.

An amusing story was going round. My informant had formed one of a party of several young fellows who had gone to stay with a friend up-country for the week-end. There was a block of forest in the vicinity of the house. One of the party, from some office desk, was new to the jungle, and to shooting also, it would



THE VIADUCT IN MONSAL DALE

See letter: In Monsal Dale



MAM TOR, NEWLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST

See letter: Not a Quarry

shining in the dark. I have always wanted to know if they can "light up" when they want to, or if the glow is involuntary on their part.

Late one evening I was walking down a country lane between high banks—not late enough for stars but too dark to see where the road ended and grass began. I suddenly saw the green eyes of a fox a short distance ahead of me alongside the hedge, glowing very clearly. We stared at each other for a minute or so, then the eyes vanished. There was no light anywhere, so there was no question of reflected light.—M. G. S. BEST, 10A, Cresswell Place, S.W.10.

SIR,—On two occasions I have seen human eyes reflecting light. Once those of a boy in a dark corner in an Underground electric train, the other time in the ill-lit corridor of a steam train. The first occasion was very noticeable—and disconcerting.—W. J. HEMP, Bod Cywarch, Criccieth, North Wales.

[Mr. Hemp's letter confirms that of an earlier correspondent who stated that she had seen human eyes glow in this fashion. It would be interesting to know whether such eyes are usually of any particular colour or associated with any particular qualities of sight.—Ed.]

A USE FOR AN OLD CAR

SIR,—Farmers are invariably very resourceful, and my photograph shows how one of them has endeavoured to speed up his war effort by adapting his cart to a mechanical horse. This Derbyshire farmer now goes to it at 10 horse-power compared with one.—G. T., Cheshire

A CLOCK BY HARDWICK

From Lady Ruggles-Brise.

SIR,—In your issue of December 24 Major C. S. Jarvis talks of Ashwick as a non-existent village, but a Somerset village of that name is mentioned in Samuel Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of England* (published 1845) as "in the union of Shepton Mallet, hundred of Kilmersdon, E. division of Somerset." At that date it contained over 800 inhabitants. It is marked on the Ordnance map on the road between Shepton Mallet and Bath. The parish was at one time joined with Kilmersdon, but is now separate. Its parson is named in a 10-year-old edition of *Crochford*. On the south-west of the parish there is a Roman camp called Mastbury Castle.

Whether this is the Ashwick where the clockmaker referred to by Major Jarvis lived I do not know.—SHEELAH RUGGLES-BRISE, Midford Castle, Bath.

From Lord Hylton.

SIR,—Your sprightly writer, Major Jarvis, in his *Notes*, has missed the existence of Ashwick, a parish on the edge of the Mendips, six miles from Wells (see

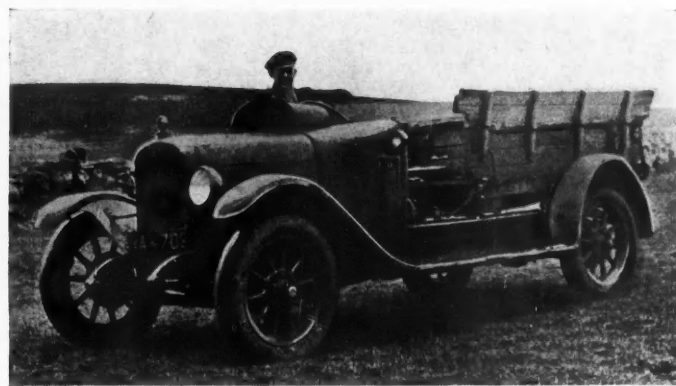
Somerset County Directory).—HYLTON, Ammerdown, Radstock, Bath.

[Letters to this effect have also been received from Colonel E. J. Harrison and others.—Ed.]

IN MONSAL DALE

SIR,—The discussion, and your recent article, on the new cement works in the Hope Valley recalls the railway viaduct in Monsal Dale, Derbyshire, which has aroused much criticism—favourable and otherwise—since its construction about 1865. Ruskin made a fierce outburst against this particular valley being spoilt by the railways and also made a curious reference to photography, then more or less in its infancy. In a long tirade he says—among other things:

You'd think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you. That was a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the sun has drawn landscapes before for you, not in brown but in green and blue and all imaginable colours, here in England. Not one of you looked at them then, not one of you cares for the loss of them now when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more except brown blots through a hole in a box. There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time divine as the Vale of Tempe; . . . You enterprised a railway through it—you blasted its rocks



GARTING WITH 10 HORSE-POWER

See letter: A Use for an Old Car

away. . . . The valley is gone and the Gods with it, and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you fools everywhere.

Harsh criticism; but to-day the scars have gone, and even the viaduct is considered by some people to fit into the delightful Monsal Dale.—F. R., Derby.

NOT A QUARRY

SIR,—Looking at the hill depicted in my photograph, the 1,700-ft. Mam Tor, Castleton, Derbyshire, which has recently been acquired by the National Trust, one would naturally think quarrying operations had been carried out upon it. But such is not the case, it is just a freak of Nature.

The geological position of the hill is just above the limestone, and it is composed of shale and micaceous grit in alternate layers. These quickly decompose with atmospheric agency, and fall in large quantities into the valley below. This has given rise to the appellation of Shivering Mountain to Mam Tor.—R. RAWLINSON, Rock Bank, Whaley Bridge, near Stockport.

AN OLD BAROMETER

SIR,—In answering the query raised by your correspondent J. H. Barber in the December 3 issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* regarding the missing dial on the old wall-type barometer he mentions, I would point out that the barometer illustrated is not a mercurial barometer as stated by your correspondent, but is of the aneroid type, i.e. its recording depends on the reaction of a delicate metal drum to the varying pressure of the atmosphere, rather than of a column of mercury.

The aneroid barometer, so popular in dwelling-houses, gives a very

The missing device in the case of your correspondent's barometer is a simple hair-hygrometer, or as he himself aptly terms it, a moisture-indicating device. This instrument depends for its action on the fact that the length of human hair, suitably freed from fats, varies with relative humidity, increases in length as the humidity increases, and *vice versa*. This variation on the part of the hair is co-ordinated through devious levers and cams to a pointer which magnifies the oscillation on a suitable dial. The exact construction of such an instrument is intricate, and, if J. H. Barber is particularly keen, he would be advised to procure a replacement from some reliable instrument manufacturer.—P. G. HAYWARD (Lieut., R.N.V.R.), Fife.

SIR,—The instrument for indicating atmospheric moisture—set in the upper part of late Georgian and early Victorian wheel barometers—which is clearly described, but not named, by Mr. Wilfrid Christopherson in his letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 17, 1943, is a hygrometer or hydroscope. The circular box containing it is held in place by a catch and by pressing this down, it can be taken out. It was regularly used at one time to put in a bed for testing the dryness of the sheets, and was commonly known as a bed-tester.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, Highclere, near Newbury, Berkshire.

[Mr. L. W. Bayley also replies to this effect.—Ed.]

THE FULMAR PETREL

SIR,—As part organiser of the British Trust for Ornithology's enquiry into the status of the fulmar, and as compiler of its recent report thereon (*Journal of Animal Ecology*, 1941, Vol. 10, pages 204-272), I was very interested to read Mr. Richard Perry's article in your issue of December 10.

It is far from my intention to question Mr. Perry's ability as a naturalist and observer—indeed, much of the Trust's knowledge of the situation at Holy Island and Lundy is due to the work of this able bird-watcher. The Trust also has records of nearly 300 other places at which fulmars are now breeding, or are present in the breeding season.

But in Mr. Perry's article there are several statements which are contrary to the known, and published, facts. To go into detail:

(1) "The mainland of Scotland was not reached until 1905." Fulmars were first found present in the breeding season on the coast of north-west Sutherland in 1897, when they were observed on the Clomore cliffs of Cape Wrath. They first bred there, probably, in 1902. By 1904 they were also breeding on Strathay Point, farther to the east.

(2) "Only at two sites in Scotland and three on the west coast of

Ireland were there any records before the 1920s."

Instead of two sites in Scotland, before the 1920s, there were 78 from which fulmars had been recorded. At 57 of these fulmars were breeding (St. Kilda is excluded from these figures). In Ireland, fulmars had been recorded from seven places, not three, and were breeding in four of them. Fulmars were also present in two places in England. All the relevant information, with full references, was available to Mr. Perry in the Report.

(3) Mr. Perry must have read the Report, for he states: "According to some authorities man had no hand in initiating the dispersal from the

between these dates, as far as Britain is concerned.

There can be no possible doubt, to anybody familiar with the literature, that the spread of the fulmar started in Iceland and the Faroes, early in the nineteenth century. In Iceland there are records of spread in the Myrdalsfjall district since about 1820. In the Faroes the fulmar was unknown as a breeding bird until some time between 1816 and 1839; to-day it is breeding on nearly every island and in recent years over 100,000 young ones were being taken annually by the inhabitants.

(4) "The fulmar is perhaps five years old before it begins to breed."

been made to hold the glass-fronted casket (shown in the photograph), wherein is a faded paper garland known as the Virgin's Crown (Shakespeare's Virgin Crant). It is perhaps the single relic in the North Riding of a custom once prevalent throughout England.

The picturesque custom was the bearing of a garland of real or imitation flowers in the funeral procession of a maiden, and after the funeral it was usually suspended over the empty seat of the dead girl.

These garlands were constructed of white paper cut into flowers together with a glove and a verse of poetry with the name, age, and date of the death of the maiden.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, *Darlington, Durham.*

A MASK AS A KEYSTONE

SIR,—I was interested in the letter in your issue of December 3 on the subject of a mask as a keystone on a house in Dorchester.

Colliton House (not Colyton), once the residence of my father's family, came into the news in another way a year or two ago in connection with some very extensive Roman mosaics which were found there.

It might interest your correspondent to know that I have a photograph of the front of Colliton, in which it appears to me that there are carvings somewhat resembling masks over at least two of the windows. Not having been there for many years I do not remember if this is in fact so.—V. ROSS TAYLOR (*née Churchill*), *The Old Forge, Poulton, Fairford, Gloucestershire.*

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S WALL

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Armstrong in the course of his edifying letter on Wroxall says: "The fine large iron gates and brick piers are of 19th-century workmanship." With regard to the piers, I will stake my almost negligible reputation as an archaeologist that they are authentic



THE STONE COFFIN IN WHICH ANGEL CLARE LAID HIS BRIDE

See letter: A Memory of Tess

sense. One way and another I did a deal of pulling down myself, but only when I could justify it.

—CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, *Portmeirion, Merionethshire.*

A MEMORY OF TESS

SIR,—Readers of Hardy's most popular and famous novel will remember the dramatic incident that occurred when Tess and Angel Clare were spending the night of their honeymoon in the old manor house at Wool, Dorset, which Hardy called Wellbridge. After making her confession of frailty bewildered Tess retired to rest. Clare, on reaching their room and finding her asleep, raised her, still sleeping, in his arms and went out of the house. He entered the grounds of Bindon Abbey, and, coming to an open stone coffin of one of the ancient abbots, he placed sleeping Tess in it. It was an act symbolical of the death of the love that he had had for Tess, destroyed by her confession.

My picture shows the actual coffin that Hardy had in mind, which



THE MODERN GATES BETWEEN WREN'S PIERS AT WROXALL

See letter: Sir Christopher Wren's Wall

Kildas (*sic*): but the fact remains that the introduction to St. Kilda of modern foods, lighting oils, and so on, meant that fewer young fulmars were slaughtered annually by the islanders." With the exception of Wiglesworth (*Transactions of the Liverpool Biological Society*, 1901, Vol. 15, pages 85-91), the only "authorities," as far as I know, who have published this view are the authors of the Report, George Waterston and I myself. The evidence we adduce in support of this consists of matters of fact; from a close study of the literature of St. Kilda, of which there is a great deal, it is clear that the supplying of the St. Kildans with preserved foodstuffs, etc., since 1877 (when a kind of steamship service started) made no difference whatever to their fulmar-killing habits. These went on until the final evacuation, and their extent corresponded very simply, and remarkably, with the number of human beings on the island. Further, from 1855 to 1921 the human population remained steadily in the neighbourhood of 75, being never fewer than 71 and never more than 80. After 1921 the population rapidly dropped, until in 1930, the year of the evacuation, it was 43.

Changes in human life on St. Kilda can only have changed the life of the fulmar before 1855, when there was a considerable decrease of human beings, and after 1921. But the great spread of the fulmar took place

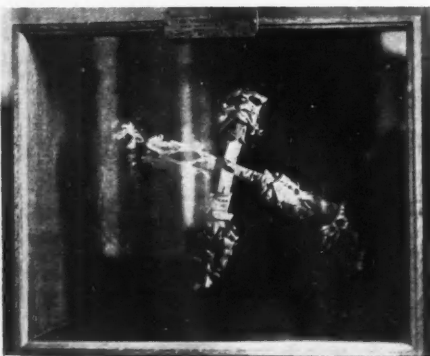
Has Mr. Perry any special proof of this? If so, this is a very important discovery, and he should publish the full evidence. Unless some very complicated and intensive research has been done, unknown to the Trust—which may, of course, be possible—there is only the most indirect and circumstantial hint that the fulmar, like some other petrels, takes a few years to come to maturity; exactly how many, goodness knows.

Mr. Perry has made many important contributions to ornithology, and has assisted the Trust on more than one occasion; we are glad to have him as a member. It is the more surprising, therefore, to find him, in an article in such a paper as *COUNTRY LIFE*, straying from the paths of accuracy. He has strayed, too, a little from the paths of convention; convention usually demands the acknowledgment of sources and the naming of "authorities," and Mr. Perry has mentioned nobody but himself. Yet our present knowledge of the distribution of the fulmar is mainly due to the activities of 172 private individuals, mostly members of the Trust (including Mr. Perry), and the psychological aspect of colony-establishment is fully discussed in the Report with reference to the theory developed by Dr. F. Fraser Darling—Mr. Perry's discussion being in some senses a recapitulation of it.

The British Trust for Ornithology has decided to repeat its fulmar enquiry this year. Anybody who has notes on the fulmar, however scanty or unimportant they may appear, or who may visit coastal areas of Britain between now and the end of September next, is invited to get in touch with the writer of this letter, who will send full particulars of the enquiry as promptly as possible. Postcards should be addressed to me.—JAMES FISHER, *Edward Grey Institute of Field Ornithology, 39, Museum Road, Oxford.*

VIRGIN CRANTS

SIR,—In the chancel arch of Alne Church, Yorkshire, a special niche has



THE MAIDEN'S GARLAND IN ALNE CHURCH, YORKSHIRE

See letter: Virgin Crants



A WALL OF SKULLS IN THE SHETLANDS

See letter: Whale Skulls for Walls

Wren, and submit a photograph as evidence in support.

As to the gates, may I quote from the *Imaginary Interview* that I broadcast on New Year's Night 1943?

Williams-Ellis: . . . and I hold it a great honour that I was invited to design the wrought-iron gates to go between the piers that you had built all ready for gates, at the place you gave your son in Warwickshire—Wroxall Abbey.

Wren: Ah! Wroxall, yes! They pulled down the house I knew, and put up a great pile they hoped was Gothic. But indeed, 'twas neither convincing nor convenient—a silly business, though, mind you, I was never against change so long as it was a change from worse to better, and so according with good

he identified for me on one of our cycle rides together.—CLIVE HOLLAND, *Gerrard's Cross, Buckinghamshire.*

WHALE SKULLS FOR WALLS

SIR,—A wall of skulls sounds rather sinister, but the skulls shown here are those of the ca'ing whale. These whales used to be plentiful in the north, and regularly entered shallow water round the coast of Shetland, where, with a little encouragement, they often became stranded, and were slaughtered.

At the time this portion of an old wall was built at Skeld, Shetland, whale skulls were evidently more plentiful than stone.—JOHN PETERSON, *Lerwick, Shetland.*

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LODGE
 PLUG

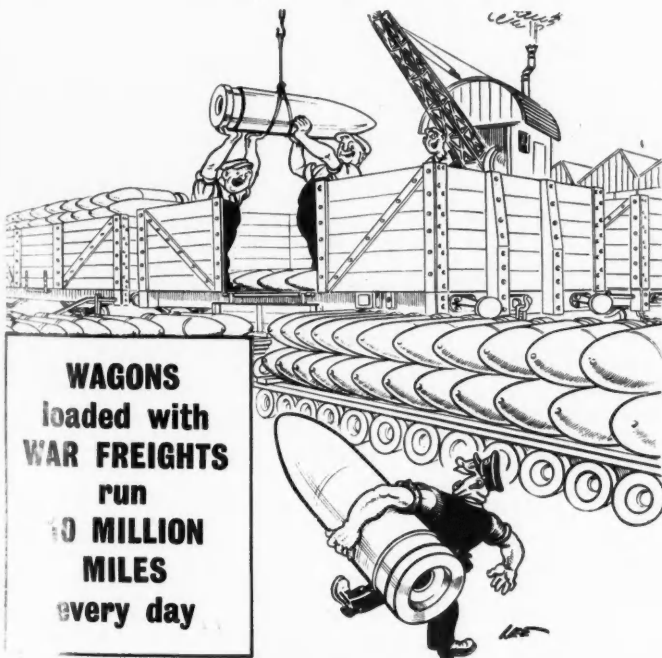
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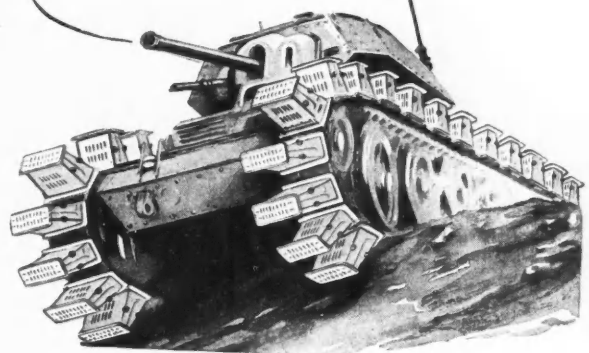
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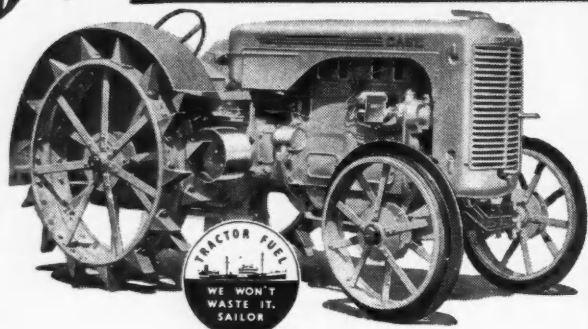
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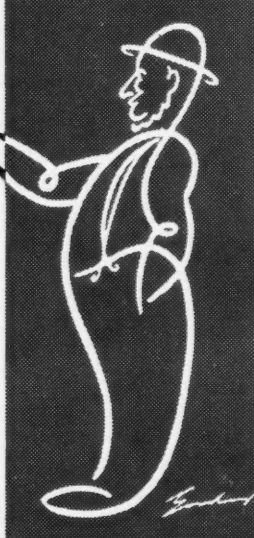
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FARMING NOTES

FARM-LABOURERS' HIGHER PAY

AN extra 5s. a week was a pleasant Christmas present for the men. To most of them it seemed to come as a surprise, and surprises are always the nicest kind of presents. Certainly they had not felt that they were under-paid before. Indeed there is not very much that country folk can readily buy in these days of queues and coupons. Still, it is a recognition of the steady work that the farm-workers have put in since they got their rise to 60s. per week. Certainly it will not make them any keener to put in overtime, especially in the case of the younger single men, who already feel that they are paying plenty of income-tax.

THERE is talk again of a call-up of the younger men from agriculture and indeed from all of the industries which have so far enjoyed a generous measure of reservation. As the Prime Minister has made clear, our man-power resources are far short of requirements in the fifth year of war. The fighting Services still want more young men, and, as none can be spared from coal-mining, agriculture and the munition factories are the only sources from which they can be drawn. Some county committees seem to have combed out the young men harder than others. There were a number of men under 30 who were registered as farmers but who could not really be considered as essential because they put in a good part of their time on other work, such as milk retailing. They may have been working hard, but this is something that women can do. There were also some young gypsies about who had registered as farm-workers or who had not registered at all. It has not been easy to trace them, but I heard recently of a fruitful night's work by one of the committee's labour officers who discovered several fit young men who spent only a few weeks in the year being genuine farm-workers. For the rest of the time they were travelling about the country and doing any jobs that came along.

IF every county has to find several hundred young men for the Forces in addition to the 18-year-olds who are already going, many farms will need to take on more volunteers through the Women's Land Army. Recruiting for the Women's Land Army was shut down some months ago and during the winter there has been no acute shortage, but the time is coming when additional girls will be needed. The important matter now is that farmers should state their prospective demands to the local Women's Land Army office, even though they do not need girls until February or March. The machinery of the Ministry of Labour takes some weeks to produce volunteers even when recruiting is open.

I hope that first preference will be given to country girls who are most likely to take kindly to the work and stay in their jobs. It seems futile to send girls from Devon to take factory work at a distance while girls from Yorkshire and Lancashire factories are drafted into the heart of the West Country. No doubt it counts as a good mark to the local manager of the employment exchange to transfer people from one part of the country to another, but it is not really at all clever. One of the difficult problems arising is billeting. If a girl can live at home and find farm work within two or three miles she is much more likely to give her best than as a stranger who knows neither the work nor the people she has to live with.

WE may get the help of some more Italian prisoners of war later in the year, but their arrival seems uncertain. In the meantime agriculture has lost some of the prisoners to Government departments, such as the Ministry of Supply, and in several districts the programme of winter work, notably ditching, is being held up for lack of labour. It is time that the status of the Italian prisoners of war was defined more closely. As co-belligerents they are taking life easily and their efforts on behalf of the United Nations are certainly no more assiduous than when they were enemy prisoners of war. The best results undoubtedly are obtained when two or three prisoners are lodged on a farm working in with our own men. Would it not be best now to pay the Italians a full wage for a full week's work and confine the slackers to internment camps? Nothing is more exasperating than to see groups of Italians hanging about and occasionally handling a spade in a half-hearted way.

AN invitation to attend a meeting of the local Young Farmers' Club made me realise how rapidly the movement has grown in the past year. This is a new club which is only just getting into its stride and yet a programme of fortnightly events had been prepared for three months ahead. Lectures, discussions, films and social parties were all in the programme, and the enthusiastic interest of more than 20 members at the Club's second meeting promised a lively future. In the spring and summer, the Club members are to have the opportunity of visiting local farms where something particularly interesting is being done; it may be silage-making, the production of milk and bottling for the retail trade or the use of a combine harvester and grain-drying plant. The younger generation is certainly getting an opportunity to learn about new developments in farming and acquiring that receptive mind which farmers need to keep abreast of the times.

THE Luxmoore Committee in their Report on agricultural education urged the need in every county for at least one farm institute where the younger generation could get some grounding in agricultural science and its application to farming practice. Only about one-third of the counties now have farm institutes, and it is certain that the demand for agricultural training immediately after the war will far outstrip the present facilities. There are many men in the Forces who have made up their minds to go in for farming after the war. No doubt some of them will turn into other walks of life when the day comes for them to decide. Even so, agriculture will have to provide much extended training facilities for ex-Servicemen. Then there is Mr. Butler's Education Bill which looks forward to the time when every boy and girl up to the age of 18 will continue education at least part time. In the rural areas, agricultural science and engineering are obviously two of the subjects that can most usefully be pursued. If every county is to have its farm institute this would be the natural centre for part-time education of this kind. Accommodation and teaching staff are two problems that will not be easy to solve while so many of the best men are fully occupied with the work of the War Agricultural Committees. The present advisory work for farmers will have to continue while training is being given to new entrants.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE INVESTMENT OUTLOOK

PURSUANT to the instructions of one of the largest property-owning corporations, their real-estate consultant has drafted a report on the present position and post-war prospects of their holdings in rural property in Great Britain. Reports on somewhat similar lines, it is no secret, in preparation for other bodies owning realty, as it is considered necessary to be in readiness to meet what are felt to be inevitable changes in the character of certain types of property, with a view either to increasing or reducing holdings in various categories, especially having regard to the probability of the opening of fresh opportunities of placing capital when general trade conditions are more active.

LEASES THROUGH ENEMY ACTION

IN a recent note reference was made to the losses that the City Guilds have sustained by enemy action. Unfortunately these Companies have not any freedom of choice about revising or changing much of their property investments, which were largely in City premises that have been destroyed. "We are in very serious difficulty," said the chairman of one such Company in conversation a few days ago. "We have had no rents from what formerly stood on the bombed sites and it is impossible to say when we shall receive any again, and nearly all the City Halls have been wrecked." Comparatively little of their funds stand in rural land, though, in common with many colleges, some of them hold land in urban and outer-urban districts, but the future value of it is regarded as problematical, bearing in mind the sweeping changes foreshadowed respecting development.

LAND FOR DEVELOPMENT

THE process of any permitted development is, in any event, sure to be deferred for a long while, and to be slower and far more costly, and therefore less remunerative, than in past experience. Values under that head have had to suffer a drastic writing-down. Except that it is believed that the practical application of the Uthwatt Report on land development will be subject to recommendations by a strong technical committee, confidence in the future of vacant land would be less firm than it is, and it is far from firm at the moment. To a certain extent this affects ground rents as well, for who can say on what basis they will be created in future, or how far the time-honoured range of values will continue? The reversionary value of ground rents has always been a fundamental factor in their estimation, but all that is sure to-day is that unprecedented alterations have been made in the relations of landlord and tenant in the last few years, especially in consequence of war-time enactments, and that the tendency seems to be towards a further impairment of the rights of owners, such impairment proceeding both from individual and public sources. It is enough to point out that under the system hitherto in operation a ground landlord could contentedly grant a lease for 80 or 99 years, or even longer, at a low rent, in reliance on the lessee's erection of approved premises, and that at the expiration of the lease the property would revert to the owner of the site.

THE GROUND LEASEHOLD SYSTEM

GENERALLY speaking the lessees are pleased with their bargain, and very substantial contributions were thereby made to the income of

many a perpetual corporation or insurance company, as well as private owners. At various stages of the currency of ground leases the ground rents found a ready market, for they were easily valued, and the prompt and punctual payment year by year was as well assured as anything could be. Here and there the buyers of ground rents misused their powers under the original lease, to force tenants to buy them out, or to submit to onerous demands for dilapidations, and, as everyone knows, some ground landlords, for example of ecclesiastically owned premises, had the mortification of seeing their property improperly used, but without remedy owing to the complicated intermediate interests that time had evolved between ground landlord and current lessee. Ground lessees or their successors in that interest have had their legitimate grievances in some instances, but on the whole, the system has worked well and proved itself adaptable to changing conditions. Its utility has been conspicuous in enabling blocks of flats to be built, the ground owner's acceptance of a ground rent having left the building lessee free from what might have been difficult if not impossible, namely, the responsibility of finding the purchase-money of the site.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

AGAINST the not wholly reassuring side of the picture what can be set? First and foremost, the continuing and growing demand for agricultural land. Secondly, the comparative freedom of purely residential property in the rural districts from strictly investment fluctuations. Of the latter type of freehold it will suffice to say at this moment that that does not mean that the buying of a good country house, be it large or small, with enough land, from a small garden to many acres, is not an excellent object for the use of available funds. It is excellent. First of all there is the sound security of a property in the owner's own occupation, secondly the probability that such freeholds will improve in value as time goes on, and, to name only one thing more, the pleasure of owning and caring for a pleasant place. The various aspects of the agricultural land market have been so fully discussed in these columns lately that there is no need to reiterate them, but, as evidence of demand, it may be mentioned that a single agency has in the last four years invested in farm land over £1,000,000 a year for corporate bodies and private buyers. Other firms can also show imposing totals, while in the same period practical farmers have put millions into becoming their own landlords.

RENTS AND REVENUE

NOBODY doubts the grievous consequences to the property-owner of the results of enemy action in the last year or two. Not only have rents ceased in a vast number of cases, but the yield of rates and taxes has fallen in a corresponding degree. The City of London valuation, for rates leviable in and after April next, reveals a decrease in gross value of over £234,000 and of nearly £192,000 in rateable value. The aggregate gross assessment works out, in the City of London, at £7,379,363, and the rateable at £5,803,372. Certain contributions by the Exchequer make the figures rather better in one view of it, but for a real recovery to a satisfactory level the City must wait for the reinstatement of premises and re-planning, and they in turn depend upon all that is implied by the return to the normal in the larger sphere of affairs.

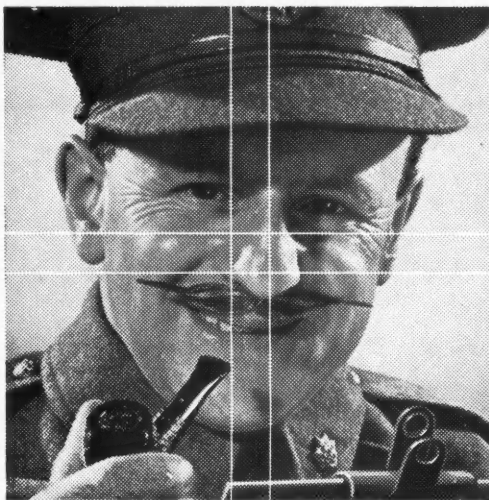
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NEW BOOKS

ROOSEVELT AGAINST HITLER

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THIS war, as Mr. Compton Mackenzie sees it and expresses his views in *Mr. Roosevelt* (Harrap, 17s. 6d.), is between the ideals of Roosevelt and Hitler. "Roosevelt and Hitler," he says, "are engaged upon an evolutionary struggle: they are fighting for the spirit of man. They entered the arena almost simultaneously in 1933, and this war is the clash of their two philosophies. Such an assertion may seem to accord an exaggerated dignity to Hitler; but he speaks for the German people, and therefore he cannot be laughed out of significance. Roosevelt and Hitler are fighting about the future: one half of Churchill (which is more than enough for such an adversary) is fighting Mussolini about the past."

WORLD LEADER

The reader may wonder where Stalin comes into the picture, and Mr. Mackenzie answers that neither he nor Churchill "has the mind or the temperament to offer a world-wide appeal. Both are essentially national leaders of superlative quality. As a Russian Stalin was fully justified in making that pact with Germany in August 1939; but it displayed a certain indifference to the fate of the rest of the world provided that the security of Russia was thereby established. And nothing that has happened since has given the rest of the world the slightest reason to suppose that Stalin is capable of solving or, to respect his own realism, of wanting to solve the difficulties of any nation outside the Soviet Union. Winston Churchill, who in 1940 was all the Red Army in one man, has made his supreme contribution to mundane statesmanship by serving in his own words as Roosevelt's 'ardent lieutenant.'"

So there you are. Simplified like that, it becomes, as Mr. Mackenzie claims, a clear issue between Roosevelt and Hitler; but it is necessary to ask whether it is not too simplified.

To begin with, a defender of Russian policy might point out that when Stalin established the security of Russia, so far from being indifferent to the fate of the rest of the world, he was taking the only possible step that would permit him, when the moment arrived, to strike at the world's common enemy. It might further be argued that, in the forcing-house of these momentous years, an outstanding man, with whatever preconceptions he began, would learn the logic of our times, which insists on a world view; and we cannot preclude the

chance that this has happened to Stalin.

I do not know whether Mr. Mackenzie is right or wrong, but I think it would be a pity if he were right. He says of Hitler that he "speaks for the German people." I do not think we can with equal assurance say that, in all the ramifications of his thought, Mr. Roosevelt speaks for the American people. If Mr. Mackenzie is right, all the future hangs on the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt is not only a great statesman but a representative man; and already in the history of our own times we have had one illustration of the way in which an American with world-dreams disastrously failed to carry his people with him.

I think we must take into account, far more than Mr. Mackenzie does, what Dr. Hensley Henson calls, in a book reviewed here last week, "the climate of opinion." Great individuals may stoke the ovens that generate the climate, but unless the climate affects the life and thought of vast numbers of people, not much can be done. Sermons are no good without conversions, or conversions without conduct. Whatever may be the truth about the private desires of Hitler, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, we shall get nowhere unless a sufficient number of Russians, Americans and Britons so react to the contemporary "climate of opinion" that they are prepared to implement a world-view against the brutal parochialism of Berlin. Anyone who thinks that this is going to be easy, or that it will substantially depend on the beliefs or conduct of a few men, will be quickly disillusioned.

HORRID WORDS

In a superbly illustrated book, Mr. Mackenzie tells the story of his hero very well, with an occasional lapse into the use of horrid words that should have no place in the vocabulary of an English writer: "An unfinished protasis puts no check on the historian. . . . The shortening of the war is not the only possible apodosis." This sort of writing seems to me as indefensible as "Adverting to yours of 12th ult."

If I were asked to define Mrs. Phyllis Nicholson I should call her a sensible writer. This, alas! is not so common a quality as might be supposed, but it is a comfortable one in a sphere over-stuffed with pretentiousness. In her latest book *Family Album* (Murray, 8s. 6d.) Mrs. Nicholson looks back on life as she has known it till now. Her girlhood in an Oxfordshire village where her father was a tutor of under-graduates, her young

MR. ROOSEVELT

By
Compton Mackenzie
(Harrap, 17s. 6d.)

FAMILY ALBUM

By Phyllis Nicholson
(Murray, 8s. 6d.)

WALKING

WITH FANCY
By E. L. Grant Watson
(Country Life, 10s. 6d.)

THE BEAUTIES

OF SCENERY
By Dr. Vaughan Cornish
(Muller, 6s.)

GRIG IN RETIREMENT

By H. B. Cresswell
(Faber and Faber, 9s. 6d.)

womanhood in Oxford during the last war, a visit to her sister at Hong Kong, marriage there to a soldier, military life in Gibraltar, England, India, a settling down in a Surrey country house, and the coming of the present war: this is the thread on which she has woven innumerable sketches of friends, acquaintances, pictures of places, observations of men and manners, reflections on life and its changes.

MEN'S EMOTIONS

The only fault I would find with this book is the habit of dropping now and then into generalisations. For example, "Do men have such thoughts?" "Not that's why they are not." The heights and depths of emotion elude them." If the heights and depths of emotion elude men, Mrs. Nicholson will explain more than two or three women have ranked among the world's great painters, musicians and sculptors, and why, even in the novel, at which women have industriously laboured, so few attain the front rank. The often-repeated theory that women have access to emotions that men cannot reach would take some time to substantiate.

On her own plane, the common acceptance of life as it is, and the humorous delineation of its quirks and foibles, Mrs. Nicholson is excellent. Even when going right back into her childhood, her way of seeing, and presenting the thing seen, is admirable. Speaking of her elder sisters' admirers, she says: "The one I liked best drove a gig with yellow wheels and smelt deliciously of cigars and general richness." How perfectly that is a child's impression! There are few readers, I think, who will not get pleasure out of *Family Album*.

TWO NATURE BOOKS

I have read this week two books about natural phenomena: *Walking with Fancy*, by E. L. Grant Watson (*Country Life*, 10s. 6d.), with attractive scraper-board illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe; and *The Beauties of Scenery*, by Dr. Vaughan Cornish (Muller, 6s.). Mr. Grant Watson's book is about particular things; Dr. Vaughan Cornish's concerns itself in general with the aesthetics of beauty.

The titles of Mr. Grant Watson's short chapters give you an idea of his matter: The Mole, the Source, Cobwebs, Wave and Cliff, Sea Birds, and so on. He is living on a Devon farm, and working on it, too, so that "Nature" is not a beautiful abstraction to him as it is to many writers who fill books with a gush of adjectives. He is aware, for example, of the artificial bond between men and animals. The loveliness of beasts at pasture does not make him forget that we rob the calf of the milk its mother should give it, that all our loving care is finally directed to beef and veal, butter and leather. But the practicalities of existence, the insistent needs of back and belly, do not hide from him the wonder of the great inter-related scheme of grass, animal and man. His eye is alert for the majesty of a wide scene and for the dilemma of a small beast subsisting on a roadside grass-strip.

What Dr. Vaughan Cornish does is to make us aware of beauty by a careful analytic description of its phases and constituents. You might say that this is a fatal method, akin to cutting out the nightingale's tongue in order to discover the mechanics of its song; but this author has a secret of his own which evades me. In its effect, his method is perfect. Take,

for example, this description of waves: "Both the appearance and the sound of breaking waves change as the tide advances. At low water there is a soft murmur upon the flat sands when exposed, which changes to a rhythmic boom when the waves reach the steep, shingle slope. The breaker increases in height, culminates for a moment in a cusp, and then, curling over in a scroll, descends in thunder, the clear dark water transformed into a white, foaming surge which sweeps over the rattling shingle. At high tide the breakers pile up the steep ridge or 'full' which crowns the beach, and a line of flotsam and jetsam strewn upon the shingle marks the final limit of the foam."

You would say that here nothing has been added out of the personality of the author, that we have nothing but a careful description of each phase of a process; but I cannot help feeling that what is added is the very perfection of the observation—so rare a thing!—and the perfection of the words chosen to describe what is seen. Cusp and scroll! Could there be better words? In any case, this passage, on its own plane, satisfies me as completely as Matthew Arnold's famous verses on Dover Beach.

Dr. Vaughan Cornish applies his method to natural scenes all over the world, to architecture, and even to modern interiors. He has written a remarkable little book.

GRIG AGAIN

I don't know whether you have come across Grig, the delightful character created by Mr. H. B. Cresswell. If not, I recommend you to lose no time in making his acquaintance in *Grig in Retirement* (Faber and Faber, 9s. 6d.).

Grig is a master-builder, with his own emphatic views upon everything on earth. Even Sir Christopher Wren's handling of the problem of St. Paul's does not escape his severe censure, and when it comes to mere engineers and architects—well, the less said about them and their pretentious ways the better, unless Grig happens to like them personally. In that case, his loyalty is absolute.

In this book, Grig has had a "stroke" and has been ordered by his doctor to go into retirement. He firmly believes himself to be so, but his "occasional" visits to the yard and the various building works where his son-in-law is theoretically head of the firm give him all the scope he needs to show once more his loving nature, dictatorial temperament, relish of a craftsman's job well done, and loathing of trickery and scamped work.

It is something of an achievement to have kept this character (and many others) fresh and attractive through a number of volumes that deal with little but the vicissitudes of the building trade. Mr. Cresswell has done this triumphantly. Grig is a character of modern fiction whom I always look out for, whose honest tough-fibred personality I always enjoy. I could do with more of him, and hope I shall get it.

An anthology which is uncommon in its plan since it contains not only poetry and prose old and new, but contributions specially written for it, is *For Ever England* (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) compiled by Mr. Collie Knox. It runs to some 242 pleasantly printed but closely filled pages whose contents are inevitably very much varied, some familiar, some strange. It says very much of what we would wish to have said of England and of the best of Englishmen; it is a very covetable volume.

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24



(Left) Two-piece frock in Eton blue flannel with cherry stripes. Over it, a cherry topcoat lined with blue and reversible. Wetherall

(Below) Another version in grey suiting with the coat lined with corduroy. This suit has a tailored jacket as well as this shirt top. Wetherall



PHOTOGRAPHS DENES

SPRING FABRICS

CHECKS are much less in evidence in the tweed collections for 1944. Manufacturers tell me that the plain weaves, the two-coloured herring-bones, the herring-bones combined with stripes, the basket and bird's-eye designs are the ones that are being bought for spring and summer. Suits in these tweeds, with herring-bones in brown and beige as leaders, are being shown already in all the big houses. They make up into slick tailor-mades and the neat designs suit the straight severe lines of the prevailing silhouette very well. The same thing goes for topcoats. The coat that hangs straight from the shoulder with a vent at the back and a turn-down collar, or the fitted coat on redingote lines, with half-belt at the back and perhaps two unpressed pleats, both look smart in a thick herring-bone, basket-patterned or flecked tweed. When checks are shown at all, they are single lines like a Lovat, generally in a clear pastel, or blurred, so that the check is almost obliterated

in the general flecked effect. Some of these blurred tweeds are mixed with a curly mohair thread, some of the herring-bones with alpaca or cashmere, which makes them delightfully soft.

A lightish blue runs through the tweeds shown by Gardiners of Selkirk—the colour of summer skies and lochs. This blue combined with a bracken brown makes a charming Utility herring-bone for suits and frocks and appears as a fleck on a thick blurred check in mixed blues, browns and cyclamen shades, in deeper tones as a tone-on-tone herring-bone. A striped range looks very new in this collection. Colours are mixed four or five at a time, and the ordinary stripes interspersed with broader ones in herring-bone. The whole design is neat and unobtrusive, with colourings lively, and also comes among the top-grade Utility tweeds. The sky blue combines with brown and green in this stripe, and another effective combination is rust yellow with two browns.

A monster herring-bone is shown in the Rima collection for a topcoat. Two wide diagonal stripes in pale grey, and two similar dark stripes are placed alongside with the diagonals converging. The back of this coat is box-pleated, so that two pale bands come next to two dark, giving a harlequin effect. The dress underneath is as spectacular as the coat, in a light-weight pale grey tweed and has scarlet bishop's sleeves and a scarlet turn-down collar. Another novelty material shown in this collection is a spot suiting. Grey grounds have pin dots of cinnamon or white, steel blue grounds pin dots of a mushroom pink; a cinnamon suiting is dotted with biscuit. The design is neat and smart and dresses and blouses pick up the colour of the dot. Everything is very "waisted"—coats and suits, tailored dresses: the waist looks nipped in and this is emphasised by padded shoulders and darts above the waist.

Tailored frocks in suiting adhere to the pencil silhouette with the plainest of skirts,

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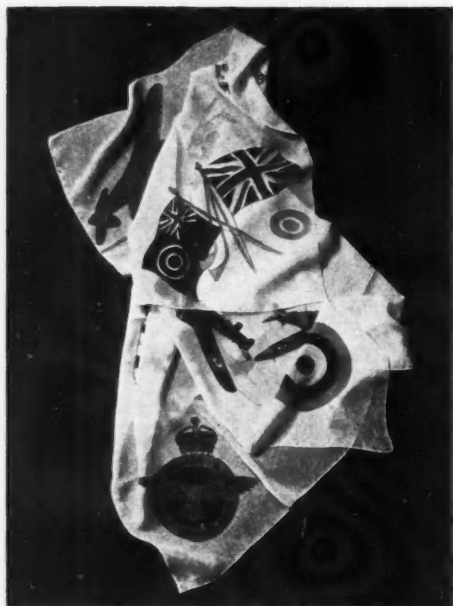
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'Oh! East is East and West is West,' sighs the poet, but all the same, civilizations old and new meet in according Minton China a gratifying welcome . . . The fact is, of course, that charm and beauty and perfection have laughed at all frontiers since man in his queer wisdom made them.

MINTON

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(Left) A square to tie over the head—sky blue silk painted by hand with Air Force emblems, aeroplanes and flags. From Finnigans

(Right) Silk square printed with items suggested for the salvage campaign in the mixed pinks and blues of a Marie Laurencin painting. From Jacqmar



but all kinds of excitement goes on top, where boleros, coatees, hug-me-tights, jerkins, waistcoats and dickeys of different shapes and sizes, are buttoned or tied on for additional warmth on a cold spring day, when they make the dress look like a suit, or at any rate, completely different. In this way, for very few additional coupons, one has two outfits. A black wool dress with slight fullness set in front of both bodice and skirt has an elbow-sleeved cardigan in mushroom pink and brown suiting. One sleeve is in the soft pink of the underside of a mushroom, as well as half the front; the other sleeve and rest of

the front are in the soft brown. The back is divided in two diagonally and one part crosses right over the other in front, and is held in place by a narrow black suède belt. The general effect is quiet and distinguished, in no way *outré*, and the three colours make a splendid contrast. A jumper suit in dark brown and beige suiting has the sweater top divided into three deep bars, a dark one in the centre, and a long-sleeved pale brown hug-me-tight with turn-down collar buttoned over, fastening at the back. With it on, the striped effect went entirely, as the part of the jumper below the waist was in the same shade as the hug-me-tight. Off, the short-sleeved jumper emerged with its dramatic contrasting bars. The transformation was startling.

THE brown and oatmeal or beige herring-bones win the honours in the Otterburn collection of tweeds, with a bird's-eye fleck for another favourite. Herring-bones are

always neat, sometimes varied by a double tramline stripe placed between the diagonal stripes, sometimes by a shadow effect with tones of brown merging one into the other. Steel grey and nut brown is a new combination of two neutrals and a good one too. There is an excellent Utility Cumberland tweed in these two colours that has a square basket pattern with a twist in the weave that gives it rather a harsh surface that is exceptionally hard-wearing. The twist roughens the surface slightly in a way that is definitely attractive. It would make up into excellent country suits.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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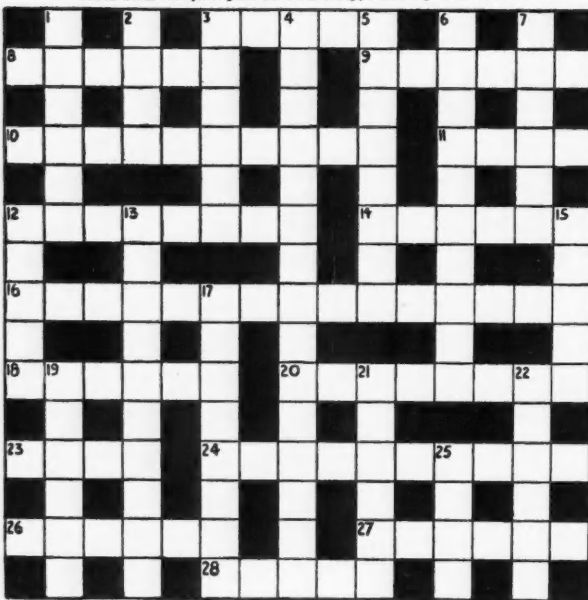
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CROSSWORD No. 728

Two prizes of two guineas will be awarded for the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 728 COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 13, 1944.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 727, which appeared in the issue of December 31. The compiler deeply regrets that the clues to 32 across and 14 down were incorrectly given. In the circumstances the Editor has decided not to award the prize but to award two prizes of £2 2s. each for the solution of Crossword No. 728.

ACROSS.—1, Bombers; 4, Scholar; 9, Entertained; 11, Tint; 12, Sewn; 13, Tunnels; 15, Animal; 16, Yeoman; 19, Lessor; 20, Rotate; 23, Spoilt; 26, Coolie; 27, Suction; 28, Ape; 30, Agree; 31, Excellently; 32, Content; 33, Present. **DOWN.**—1, Boatman; 2, Bent; 3, Rueful; 5, Chilly; 6, Owes; 7, Remnant; 8, Stand; 9, Engine-house; 10, Dermatology; 13, Tassels; 14, Sextant; 17, Ire; 18, Ark; 21, Estates; 22, Benefit; 24, Tureen; 25, Stilt; 26, Corner; 29, Exit; 30, Alas.

ACROSS.

3. Begin here (5)
8. Leave it out of the subtitle (6)
9. Blot out (6)
10. Twenty-four-hour slogan for the pre-war garage (6, 4)
11. It is used to smooth things over (4)
12. A utensil made from rare tins (8)
14. Moves furtively (6)
16. Should this London building have a double entry? (3, 7, 5)
18. In the matter of a wrong (6)
20. Interpretation of a moral air (8)
23. The chief of 7 down (4)
24. They used to have their ways enlightened at a cost (10)
26. Rub back before a row (6)
27. You'll always see it in a keen listener (6)
28. No, madman, there's not a man in sight (5)

DOWN.

1. Readjusted bustle (6)
2. A broadcast by a man (4)
3. Oysters are out of it on May Day (6)
4. A night-cap Mr. Caudle might have welcomed (3, 4, 2, 1, 5)
5. An idyllic poet (8)
6. Business opening (6, 4)
7. Place for scandal, perhaps (6)
12. A wine steward for Bacchus? (5)
13. "Right turn," "By the left, quick march" (4, 6)
15. Crust for a crab (5)
17. It is now burnt when the colour is changed (3, 5)
19. What many people have to do with their incomes to-day (3, 3)
21. Explorers did it to the New World (6)
22. Preliminary to a fine decision, perhaps (6)
25. It is found in 15 (4)

NOTE.—This competition does not apply to the United States.

The winner of Crossword No. 726 is

Miss E. Kirkham,
22, Hayes Avenue, Littleover Lane,
Derby.

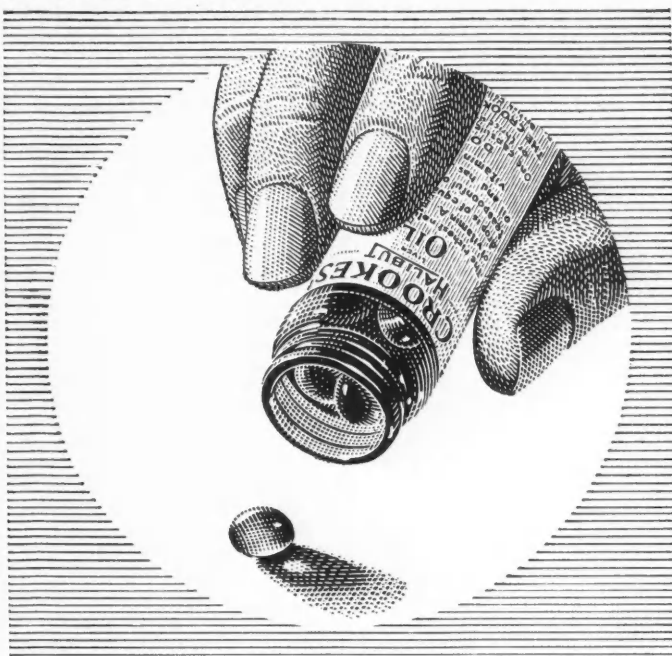
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